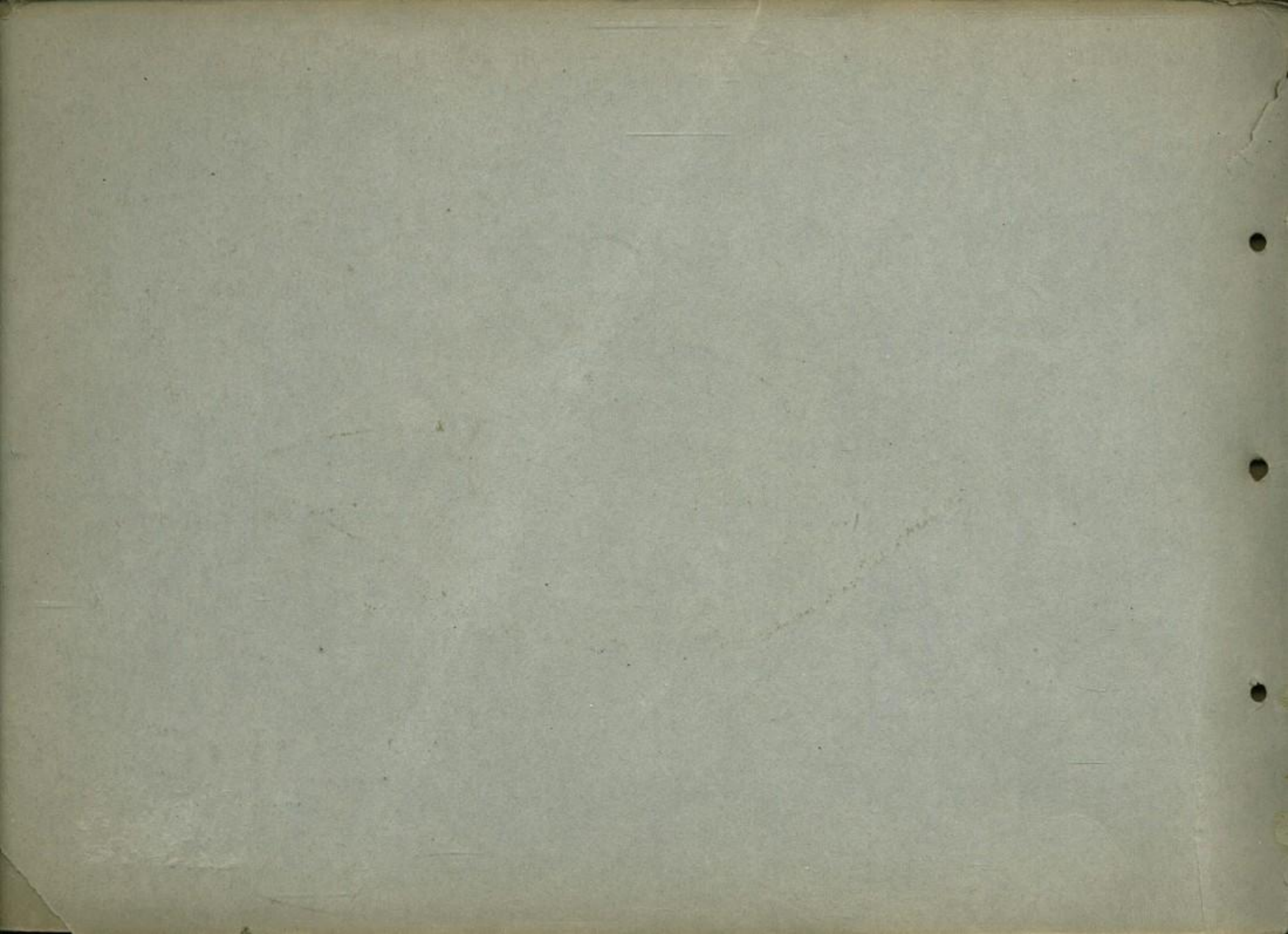




'19







The 1919 "E"





DEDICATION

*This Annual is dedicated to a person who deserves the honor
not only for the material aid given to the Annual Board,
but also for the smiles and encouragement she has
scattered through our four years of high school
training; she has aided not only this An-
nual to come through successfully,
but also the Annuals of many
preceeding years.*

*To
Miss LULL,
from the grateful class of '19.*

FOREWORD



HIS is an age of change, an age of industrial, social, and political unrest in which the people are dissatisfied with old ideas, customs, and modes of living and are, therefore, discarding these and adopting new ideas and modes of living. The most potent destroyer of all customs and traditions today is Bolshevism. This Bolshevism, however, has failed to grip the Senior class of '19 and it will remain a slave to custom and tradition by issuing the ninth annual "E".

We commend this Annual to your appreciation. May it in the later years serve as a means of remembering your class mates and school mates at old Emerson, and give you assurance that whether your success be great, and your position high, or whether you fill an inconspicuous place, you will always be given a hearty welcome by your old Emerson friends. Prize this Annual highly and regard it as one of the treasure volumes in your library, for it will bring back memories of your days spent at Emerson, of the

times when things were going wrong and you felt like "quitting", but again resolved to "stick", and, gritting your teeth with true Emerson spirit, fought on until you had your diploma tucked safely under your arm. It will bring back memories of hard-fought athletic contests and of some injuries received in defending the gold and gray on the gridiron, on the basketball floor, on the diamond and on the cinder track; also memories of your trying moments in the social and class life of the school.

But enough of these fond memories which are yet to come. For the present proceed to view the pictures of the Seniors, Juniors, Sophomores, and even of the Freshmen; of our faculty who have tried to make something of us besides athletic heroes and social lions; of our chorus and the different organizations. Read the various literary articles and the jokes and then give your verdict. We hope it may in the main be favorable to the year book of the class of '19, which is bidding farewell to old Emerson.

—Arthur O'Hara, '19.



ANNUAL BOARD

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Business Manager

Allegra Nesbit
Literary Editor

Eva Sprowls
Society Editor

Mildred Freeburg
Joke Editor

Edwin Smith
Asst. Editor-in-Chief

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Art Editor

Elina Salmi
Class Editor

Ethel Larson
Asst. Art Editor

Carl Johnson
Athletic Editor

Hazel Erlandson
Organizations Editor

Frank Kendrick
Joke Editor

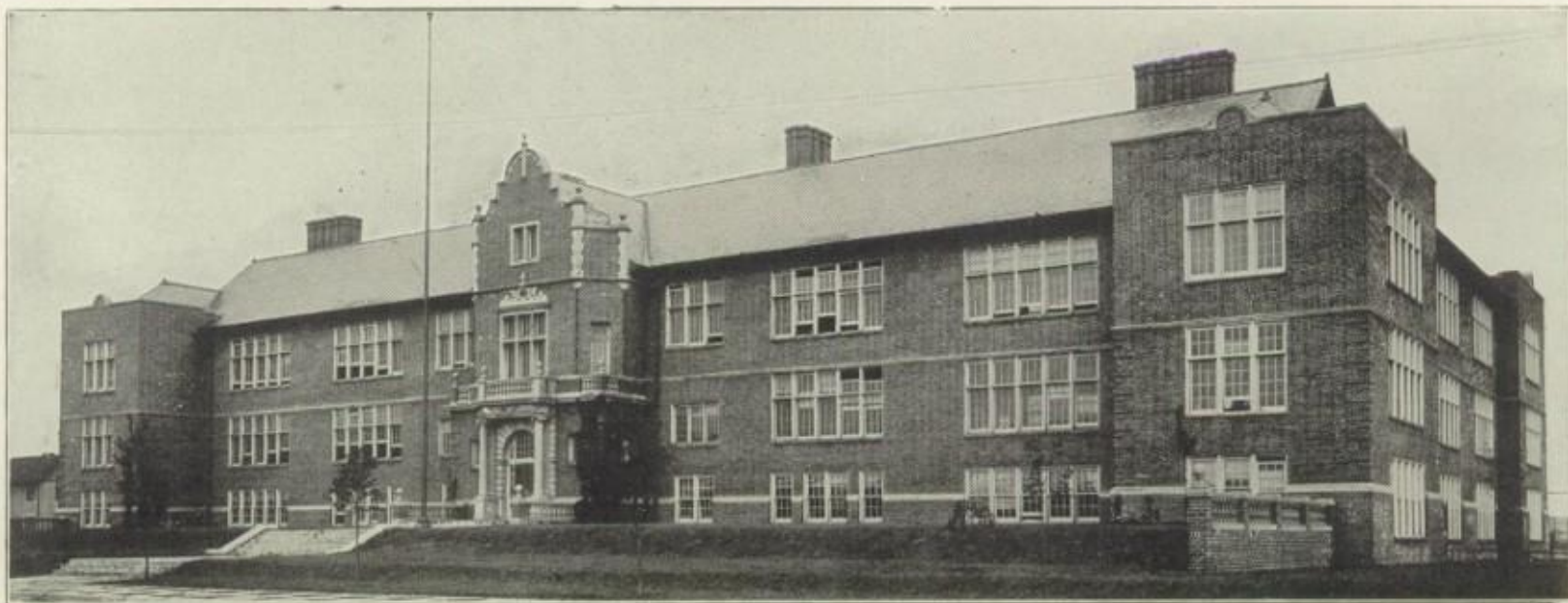
Robert O'Connor
Asst. Business Manager

Mr. E. A. Spaulding
Faculty Supervisor

Miss Lilian Brownfield
Literary Supervisor

Mr. N. P. Richardson
Treasurer

Miss Ida A. Lull
Art Supervisor





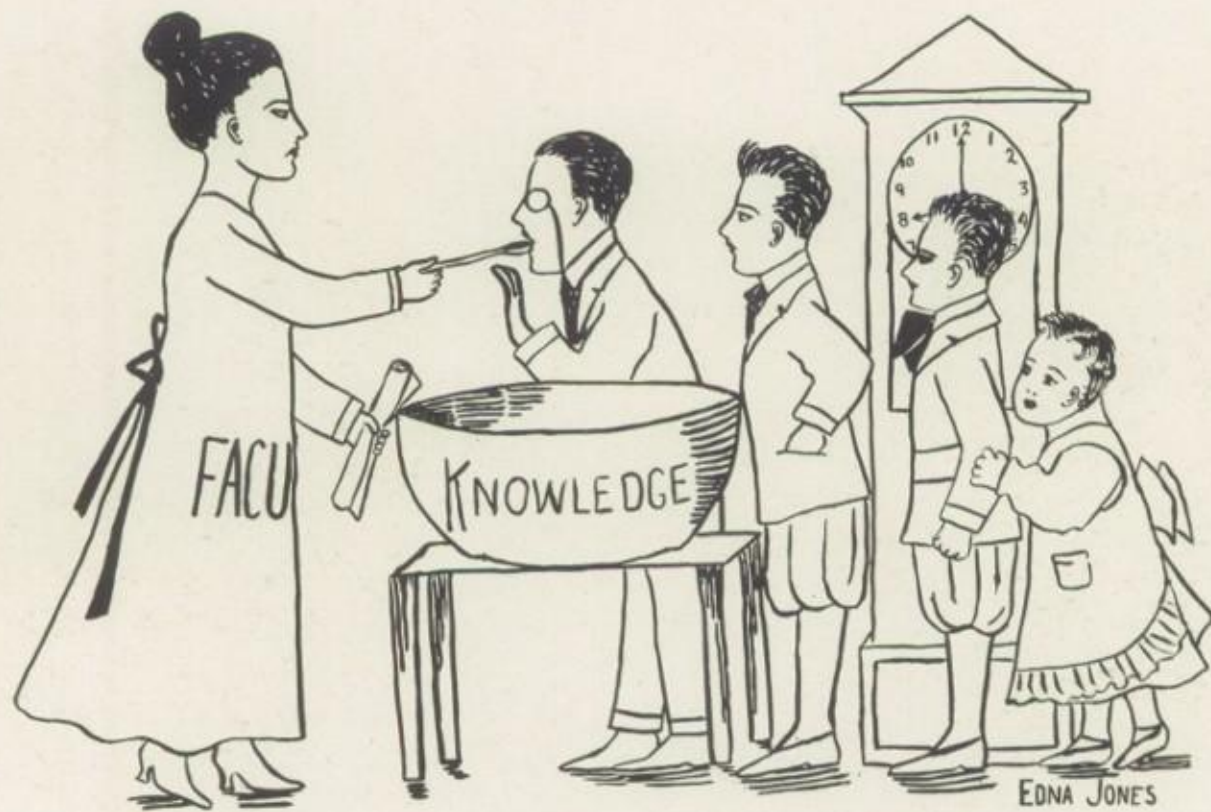
SUPERINTENDENT WILLIAM A. WIRT, A. B., A. M., Ph. D.



ASST. SUPERINTENDENT GEORGE W. SWARTZ, Ph. B.



PRINCIPAL E. A. SPAULDING, B. S.





FACULTY LIST

Mathematics

Mary Kinnard
Minnie Talbot
Hilda Stimson
Verna Hoke

English

Lilian Brownfield
Bertha Child
Mabel Jacoby

History

Mamie Knickerbocker
Henrietta Newton
Mabel Keeler

Typewriting
Mildred Tribble

Forge Shop
H. A. Thorell

Expression
Louise Lynch

Commercial
John White

Latin
Emma Peters

French
Irene Olin

Spanish
Lulu Pichard

Chemistry
Jesse Warrum

Physics
D. C. Atkinson

Zoology
Ross Grubbs

Botany
Cora Snyder

Sewing
Leora Sherer

Machine Shop
M. McEllhinny

Painting
George Sheehan

Drawing
Ida Lull

Drafting
O. N. Yeager

Printing
H. J. Ensweiler

Pattern Shop
R. S. Coffman

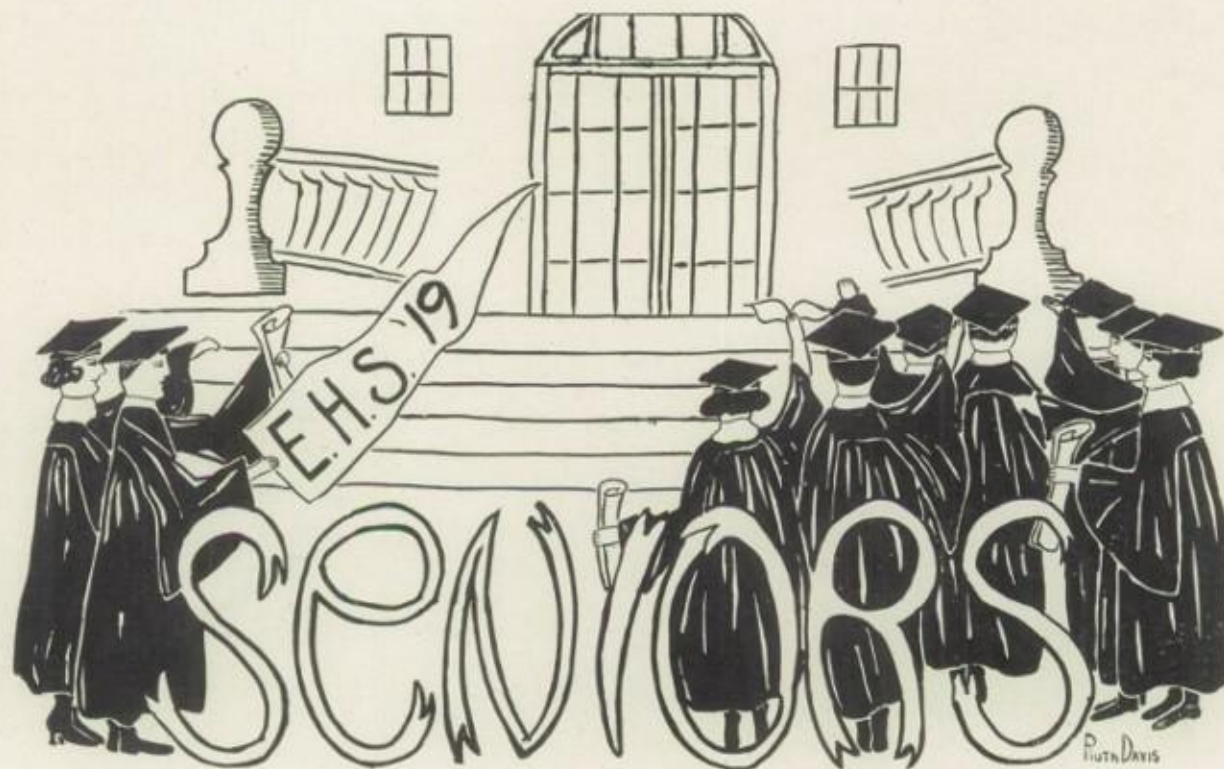
Music
Melvin Snyder
Florence Best

Physical Training
Ralph Brasaemle
Erna Bruns
Maurine Heighway

Animal Husbandry
M. B. Shirley

Auditorium
N. P. Richardson

Cooking
Ethel Nice



SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

President	Arthur O'Hara
Vice-President	Alegra Nesbit
Secretary	Lois Hutchins
Treasurer	Donald McArthur
Treasurer	May Uhl
Athletic Association	Harold Harris
Athletic Association	Berneil Davis
Student Council	Albert Verplank
Student Council	Grace Phillips

CLASS COLORS—*Maroon and White.*

CLASS FLOWER—*Roses.*

CLASS MOTTO—*To Heights Thru Difficulties*



ARTHUR O'HARA

"1, 2, 3—O'Hara" "Fiske"

When it comes to being class President, editor of the Annual, interlocutor at a minstrel show, playing football and basketball, or getting 99's on his report card, Art is right there. "Bad Dog" is some fancy dancer as everyone will admit, and as for eating bread, he is second to none.

Pueblo, Colo., 1910.
Editor-in-Chief of Annual.
Class President '19.
Athletic Association '18.
Class Secretary '17.
Football '18, '19.
Track '17, '18, '19.
Basketball '19.
Baseball '19.
Oratorical Prelims. '18, '19.
Valedictorian '19.
Senior Play '19.



C. LOIS HUTCHINS

"Hutchie"

Behold she approaches sweet and popular. We believe "Hutchie" has the biggest and "bestest" heart on earth. Although republics are the popular form of government these days, she has taken a special liking to a "Dier-King." Lois is right there when it comes to preparing "cats," and even saved them for the Juniors at the Junior and Senior hunt. In the oratorical finals she won fame by receiving second place.

Caldwell, Ohio, 1910.
Class Secretary '19.
Basketball Captain.
Hockey '18, Captain '19.
Senior Play '19.
Northern Indiana Declamatory Contest '19.



DONALD McARTHUR

"Micky"

Mickey, the orator! Mickey, the Mathematics shark! Mickey, the sprinter! Mickey, the indispensable, at the Junior-Senior hunt! If a prize was to be given for selling Annuals, Donald would surely get it. He is a born business man. As a keeper of the class "Spondulix" he has been very successful for two years. Can Donald talk? Well, I should think he can! He got second place in the contest last year and second place this year.

Elwood, Ind., 1910.
Business Mgr. Annual '19.
Class Treasurer '18, '19.
Lake County Oratorical '18, '19.
Track '17, '18. Capt. '19.
Senior Play '19.



HAZEL A. ERLANDSON

Hazel fills her little corner of the Miller bus every morning, and if she happens to feel especially hilarious, she takes a great deal more than a little corner. As a very great treat, "Duke" is sometimes allowed to accompany her. If you want a class history written in poetry we refer you to Miss "Boots". She is a sweet little girl, with a sweet little smile, and if the occasion calls for it she can tell you exactly what she thinks.

"Gee, kids, I have to study my history."

Miller, Ind., 1902.
Annual Board '19.
Camp Fire.
Secretary of Student Council '18.
Declamatory "Prelims." '18, '19.
Senior Play '19.
Girls' Working Reserve '18.



HAROLD J. HARRIS

"Beany" is the kind of a fellow that "wants what he wants when he wants it," and he usually gets it, especially the "eats" at the Junior-Senior hunt. Beany has certainly made a name for himself in his four years in high school, by playing football, basketball, and dancing equally well. Besides all this, he usually gets above 80 in all his grades, though we don't know how he does it.

Oh, Bee—ney!"
Chicago, Ill., 1911.
Football '18. Capt. '19.
Basketball '16, '17, '18. Capt.
19.
Baseball '16, '17, 18, '19.
Track '18, '19.
Pres. Athletic Association '19.
Minstrels '19.



HELEN CANNON

Helen is our sweet girl graduate, with a smile and a kind word for everyone. It's a curious thing for a girl like Helen to do, but we have seen her gaze longingly in the direction of Michigan City. She has only been with us a short while, but we have grown so fond of her that it seems she has been with us always.

Michigan City 1919.
Declamatory "Prelims." '19.
Senior Play '19.



FRANK J. KENDRICK

"Tuffy"

Frank is the Daniel Webster and "lady killer" of our class. After the oratorical prelims. everyone expected Frank to take first place, so not wishing to disappoint anyone, especially Fay, he did. Frank says that the Junior girls treated him fine the day of the hunt. If we remember correctly, Frank, Fay is a Junior. His avocation is getting acquainted with new girls.

Fort Wayne, 1907.
Track '19.
Oratorical '19.
Annual Board.
Northern Indiana Contest '19.
Senior Play '19.



ALEGRA NESBIT

"Nez"

"I don't know a thing. Miss Lynch will just kill me." That's the kind of a girl "Nez" is. Nevertheless, she can show us where to get off, when it comes to oratory. Won first place in the oratorical contest for three years, and came home from the Northern Indiana contest with the gold medal. "Al" has a kind spot in her heart for "Valpo".

Valparaiso, Ind., 1915.
Chorus '16, '17, '18.
Senior Play '19.
Vice-President Class '19.
Literary Editor Annual '19.
Lake County Declamatory '17.
'19.
Northern Ind. Declam., '18.
Hockey '19.



CARL H. JOHNSON

"Swede"

"Swede"—the bright, shining light of our class! He is noted for his grouchy disposition, but nevertheless, we love him still. Carl Herbert is Pavlowa's only rival, as he exhibited at the Minstrels. If one craves excitement, listen to "Swede" rave at a basketball game. He has been heard to murmur, "I love her, and she loves me." We should appreciate any enlightenment on the subject, for "Swede" is of a very fickle nature.

Pittsburg, Pa., 1908.
Annual Board '19.
Football '18, '19.
Track '18, '19
Class Baseball '18, '19.
Minstrels '19.
Oratorical '18.



STELLA COPELAND

"Copie"

"Peg" knew a good thing when she saw it and came from some unpronounceable place to graduate with our class. She brought a lot of good ideas with her and she also knows how to hand them to us. As the most eminent prima donna of our class, Stella will sing anything from "Tosti's Good-Bye" to "I'll Say She Does." Stella is the latest addition to the Seven, and they have been wondering ever since she came how they ever got along without her.

Albuquerque, New Mexico, 1918.
Basketball '19.
Chorus '17, 18.
Senior Play '19.



HERBERT L. PLOWMAN

"Herbie"

When Herbert isn't playing handball with Bob, he's just foolin' around. He studies sometimes, too. He was the only person who had sense enough to take a camera to the hunt, and when you ask him to see the pictures he took—he blushes (???). Herbie is known all over the school as Frank Kelso's shadow. He says there's a girl that he thinks quite a lot of, but he refuses to say who it is.

Chicago, Ill., 1911.
Track '18, '19.
Class Basketball '19.
Class Baseball '18, 19.
Oratorical Prelims. '18, '19.
Senior Play '19.



FLORENCE BERNSTIEN

"Toots"

Although "Flo" isn't in the habit of doing foolish things, we wonder what's the matter when she sprinkles Kitchen Kleanser over the "Gym" floor in the place of wax. Florence is usually seen riding around in a Nash, which she drives with the skill of a professional. Strange as it may seem, she has very strong interests in East Chicago, all of which goes to prove that "Flo" will try anything once. We don't know how she does it, but she usually manages to recite for Miss Knickerbocker.

"Let's do something exciting."
Chicago, Ill., 1906.
Senior and High School Basketball '19.
Hockey '18, '19.



ROBERT C. FREISE

Although the smallest in the class, Robert is one of the liveliest. He was forward on the Senior Basketball team, and if he had been larger "Beany" would not have had a chance. When not playing either basketball, or baseball, he can generally be found on the handball courts, playing with "Herbie Who". This pair have followed in the footsteps of the Coone brothers, and copped the handball championship. Bob also must be congratulated as one of the committee who decided the place for the "hunt".

Chalmers, Ind., 1909.

Class Basketball '19.

Oratorical '19.

Second Team Basketball '19.

Senior Play '19.



MILDRED V. FEUER

"Mickey"

Mickey is a live member of the Seven, and when painted up in the Senior Play sure looked like a regular "vamp". Mickey is some classy dancer and whenever there is a dance is always sure to be there. Founder of Miss Lynch's Harmony Club.

Cleveland, Ohio, 1909.

Hockey '19.

Basketball '17, '19.

Declamatory '18, '19.

Senior Play '19.



FLOYD W. KELLSTROM

"Kelly"

Kelly loves that old song, "The little old Ford, it rambles right along," but sometimes his doesn't. If Kelly seeks advice, we should tell him to go to Utah or Turkey. It's "Gin", "Peg", "Shrimp", "Stella", and goodness knows who else. He can tell you all about a courtroom scene, for he has been there, and all because of his little red wagon. We hate to monopolize so many of the good basketball players, but Kelly is surely a marvel at guard.

Minneapolis, Minn., 1912.

Football '18, '19.

High School Basketball '18, '19.

Minstrels '19.

Track '19.

Oratorical '18.



EVA SPROWLS

"Joy-lo"

"Evangeline Leonore" is known all over the school as ninety-two pounds of "pep". If you want anything done, from getting up a beach party to writing a class will, call on Miss Sprowls. Evidently there is some attraction at the little city of Ross. We don't know whether he is pro-German or not, but his name is Shutz. Eva is the original gloom killer. She also knows more news in a minute than anyone else does in a day. As for new cases, she has one every day.

"Now, I'll tell you about it."

Union City, Pa., 1911.

Annual Board '19.

Class Treasurer '18.

Declamatory Prelims.



LESTER S. DUBETZ

"Two Bits"

Lester talks all of his waking hours, and we imagine he talks in his sleeping ones, too. "Les" has a car and he is very particular whom he takes riding with him. He is especially fond of Hammond for some reason. He is also fond of a good dance, and loves a nice, slow waltz.

Chicago, Ill., 1907.

Oratorical Prelims. '18.



MILDRED FREEBURG

"Theda"

"Come on, let's go, nine rahs for Emerson." "Shrimp" is the best girl yell-leader ever produced by Emerson, full o' pep, snappy, nerry and everything. For a study in close harmony see Mildred and Miss Lynch. There has always been some mystery connected with "Shrimp's" middle name, and we don't know whether it was the appeal of "Kelly" or "Heinie" that brought forth the great secret. Anyway, we found out that it's Damarus.

"Let's go to Froebel."

Conneaut, Ohio, 1910.

Basketball '18, '19.

Hockey '18, '19.

Declamatory Prelims. '18, '19.

Annual Board '19.

Senior Play '19.



JESSIE KLINEDORF

"Bevo"

"Oh, kids, ain't he cute?" Yes, Jessie, which one? Jessie has a tender heart, but she never lets it interfere with her studies. She dreams of the time when she will be Miss Leeds' assistant. Her smile would inspire a heart of stone, and Jessie knows that "practice makes perfect." "Oh, those eyes, that nose, that mouth!" All go to make up a very charming little girl, as everyone will admit. Jessica has a very kind spot in her heart for Hammond and Minas's store. Member of the W. W. W.

"Does my hair look all right?"

Johnstown, Pa., 1917.

Hockey '19.

Camp Fire.



BESSY FRIEDMAN

"Bethy"

Bessy is another member of the Seven that has a kindly feeling in her heart for Hammond. In the race for champion gum chewer, she came out far ahead. Bessy always carries a powder puff, but for some unknown reason she doesn't like to use it. We should appreciate it very much if the first time Bess is seen without a new hat our fair reader would report it immediately, as it would certainly be a phenomenon.

"Who's got some powder?"

St. Louis, Mo., 1913.

Hockey, '18, '19.

Basketball '16, '17, '18.

Declamatory '19.

Athletic Association '18.

Senior Play '19.



FRANK M. KELSO

In 1915 Decatur, Ill., got too small for our future Joie Ray, and he took a run to Gary and liked the class of '19 so well that he remained with us. Next to running, Frank likes getting his Latin with Alegra Nesbit. In his spare moments he sings for Mr. Snyder, and has been the mainstay of the chorus for the past two years.

Track '18, '19.

Student Council '18.

Oratorical Prelims. '18.

Class Basketball '19.



RUBY SCOTT

"Scotty"

Ruby seems to be rather bashful, but you never can tell. She believes that you should make the most of your time in school by gaining a little more gray matter, which belief she has applied very successfully.

"Be good, girls; she's my Sunday school teacher."

Three Oaks, Mich., 1910.

Annual Board '18, '19.

Hockey '19.

Basketball.



MAY UHL

"Mazie"

"Mazie" is a dear little thing even though she is the class treasurer. She is rather quiet at times, but when she gets started, look out! May is "just crazy to go to London (Ohio). Is it because it's near Columbus, May? She also likes "marines".

"Be sure and bring it tomorrow."

Dover, Ohio, 1913.

Class Treasurer '19.

Basketball '18, '19.

Athletic Association '16.

Hockey '18, '19.

Declamatory Prelims. '18, '19.

Camp Fire.



BERNEIL DAVIS

"Bee"

"Neilie" is one of the fashionable members of our class. She lives on Lincoln Street, 'n everything. We believe she carries one subject, but we're not sure. Berneil looks forward to the time when her aunt's store will cover a whole block and she will be the manager. When it comes to bestowing her affections, "Davy" is very changeable, as her heart is never twice in the same place. A staunch supporter of the W. W. W.'s.

"I've got the best-looking new waist."

Monessen, Pa., 1916.

Hockey '18, '19.

Basketball '19.

Camp Fire.

Athletic Association '19.



JOE J. JACOBSON

There's class to Joe, even though he does wear a hat. He has a faculty for making a "hit" with out-of-town girls. We believe, from the way he hangs around Mr. White's room, that Joe is cherishing a secret hope deep down in his heart that he may succeed Mr. Tumulty. He is ever seen in the presence of L. Dubetz.

Chicago, Ill., 1911.
Oratorical Prelims. '18.
Chorus '17.



RUTH E. WOLF

"Roosilie"

To enumerate the abilities of "Ruf" would require a volume. The saying goes, "Nobody loves a fat man," but it seems just the opposite with her. It is surprising to see such a little girl driving such a large car, but we naturally expect surprising things from such a girl as Ruth.

"I can't, kids, I have a date."
Chicago, Ill., 1909.
Vice-President '16.
Athletic Association '17.
Class Secretary '18.
Chorus '16, '18.
Basketball '16, '17, '18, '19.
Declamatory '18, '19.
Hockey '18, '19.
Senior Play '19.



ELINA E. SALMI

"Sam"

When report cards come out we naturally expect to see Elina's, slowly but surely, fill up with 99's. She is some plugger, but she always gets the desired results. Is ever seen in the company of May D.

Finland 1908.
Annual Board '19.
Hockey '18, '19.
Girls' Working Reserve.



E. MADGE FORSCH

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever," is a saying that may be applied to Madge. We have suspicions that somewhere in the dark ages, some of Madge's ancestors must have been the fiercest of cannibals, for she is often seen about the Zoology room, dissecting cats, rabbits, et cetera. She and Helen are as thick as peas in a pod. Whither one goeth, thither goeth the other.

Middlebury, Ind., 1912.
Basketball.



GEORGE W. STROM

"Handsome"

George Washington (Strom) crossed the Wabash in 1917 on his march from Anderson to the "City of Steel." Frank Kendrick's only rival for being the most handsome boy in the class. George is a wireless fiend, and some day Marconi will look like a beginner beside him.

Oratorical Prelims. '18.

Tennis '18, '19.

Football Squad '19.



ALEF BLAKE

"Al"

"Blakey" had sense enough to know that she wanted to graduate with our class, so she migrated from San Angelo, Texas, for that purpose. Alef is the star of the Senior basketball team, and because she was such a good sport she was made the captain. When it comes to having a good time, you can't find a more ready person than Miss Blake. Although she has been with us but one short year, with her snappy brown eyes, and her charming southern accent, she walked straight into our hearts.

San Angelo, Texas, 1918.

Basketball Capt. '19.

Baseball '19.



HELEN A. HAAS

Helen thought she would like our class better than her original one, and so—we have Miss Haas with us. Although we are not well acquainted with her as yet, we are sure she is a very charming little lassie.

Chicago, Ill., 1911.

Hockey '19.

Camp Fire.



GLADYS BRIGGS

"Gladie"

Gladys, who is our smallest graduate, has many friends and no enemies. She comes from Crisman, but she can't help it, so we can forgive her for it. Always prompt, and willing to work, Gladys has been a great addition to our class.

"I got a letter from France today."

Crisman, Ind., 1919.



HAROLD SMITH

"Brownie"

By some very grave mistake, Harold was let out of Logansport in 1915, and has been running around loose ever since. He is the catcher on the Senior Baseball team, but he spends most of his time "catching" new girls. Harold demonstrated the capacity of his stomach the night of the hunt by devouring not less than a dozen weenies.

Class Baseball '18, '19.

Class Basketball '18.

Class Track '18.

Football '19.



MAY T. DONNELLY

"Buzzer"

"Shure and she's Oirish, and proud to admit it, bedad." She came clear across the big pond to start and finish her career with our class. It's always been a puzzle where May learned the definitions of so many big words, but nevertheless she does know them. May, unlike many other members of our class, went through High School to gain an education, and not for foolishness.

"I don't think I can."

Dundalk, Ireland, 1915.

Hockey '18.

Camp Fire.

Girls' Working Reserve.

Tennis '18.



EVA E. DUBINSKI

Eva had to take in the sights of the metropolis of Chicago before she decided the Gary school system would be the one of her adoption. Leave it to Eva to make herself clear, which she usually does if it takes her all day. Eva is the kind of a girl we all admire, frank and straightforward, saying the right thing at the right time.

"Well—I guess I will."

Chicago, 1917.

Hockey.

Basketball.



MILDRED A. BLACHLY

"Mudge"

Here we are, right from Merrillville! With a car and everything. It was thought that Mudge was a staple fixture of this little town, but, after giving the matter careful consideration, she decided that our class was the best she had even seen and came over to graduate with us. We have a notion that it would break her heart not to be in style.

Merrillville, Ind., 1916.

Camp Fire.



OSCAR C. STROM

"Slewfoot"

Oscar is a boy wonder when it comes to oratory!—Ask Miss Lynch. He also holds the esteemed position as drummer in the Miller band. Ever since the Senior party, Oscar has been drawn toward the little town of Tolleston. There is no mystery there, however, simply little Miss Phillips. "Slewfoot" has a habit of falling over barbed wire fences.

Miller, Ind., 1909.

Football '18, '19.

Oratorical Prelims. '18, '19.

Track.

Senior Play '19.



GRACE L. PHILLIPS

"Phil" "Gracious"

"Phil's" name will forever be held sacred by the class of '19, for furnishing a place for us to hide, and thus regain a lost reputation. Grace may be little but she won't admit it, and isn't in the least handicapped in playing basketball by her small stature. A very fine "case" developed at the Senior taffy-pull", and we have been watching its growth with breathless anxiety ever since.

"Sure, I'll go."

Lansing, Mich., 1917.

Basketball '18, '19.

Student Council Vice-Pres. '18.

Salutatorian '19.

Campfire.



RUTH K. DAVIS

"Rufus"

The school is losing one of its main assets when "Rufus" leaves. We all know that Ruth is a marvel at playing a piano, but she isn't so far gone but that she admits Paderewski is good, too. We believe that she has more than her share of artistic temperament, for she can draw "pretty ladies" as though it were nothing out of the ordinary.

"Yes, I'll do it if you want me to."

Scotdale, Pa., 1911.

Hockey '18, '19.

Chorus '18.

Basketball '18, '19.

Declamatory "Prelims." '18, '19.

Temulac Camp Fire.

Senior Play '19.



OLIVE SURMAN

Olive is a quiet, retiring little girl, but she put us all to shame by graduating in three years. Olive believes in having a good time, however, and she is seen going around the halls with a non-removable smile on her face.

Chicago, Ill., 1909.

Basketball '16.



FLORENCE ANDERSON

Florence is one of our three-year girls, and an addition to our class of whom we may be proud. She is such a quiet and unassuming person that we hardly knew she was in our class. She holds up her corner of the Anderson Sisters' trio with exceptionally good grace.

Chicago, Ill., 1909.

Hockey '19.

Chorus '19.

IN MEMORIAM
Raymond C. Haley.

Dec. 8, 1901 Sept. 27, 1918
Class of '19.



GERTRUDE SPROULL

"Gertie"

"Gertie" is just the opposite from our other member by that name, a quiet, unassuming sort of person. But what about the "Hunt"? She spends most of her time in the commercial department, and we predict that soon she will be some important person's private secretary.

"Why really, I guess not."

Pittsburg, Pa., 1911.



KATE S. CLARKE

Kate seems to have followed in both her sisters' footsteps, with the idea of studying in High School, instead of "loafing". It's certain that she always knows what she is supposed to know. Kate is noted for her inability to appear as other than kind and anxious to please.

Pittsburg, Pa., 1912.

SENIOR HISTORY

As Freshies we were better than the best,
But still those fearful Sophies gave us little rest.
They ducked us, and nabbed us wherever we went.
But brave were we Freshies and our spirits unbent;
Before we were thru with our first humble year.
We made all the rest of the classes look drear.
Our long-suit was English fine and dramatic.
At least they all said it was quite "lunatic."
Our first and last play was a Midsummer Night's Dream.
And all who saw it, or heard it, thought it was a scream.
Miss Lynch fairly raved, and said it was awful,
But to tell the truth, all we did was quite lawful.
The "Standard" was another of our great achievements,
We started and kept at it, without bereavement,
And as our reward it was looked forward to weekly.
All students enjoyed it, read it and criticised meekly.
The Junior Camp Fire also thrived through our reign;
They gave a play with the fire of Webster and Hayne.
Thus our Freshman year closed in the usual way,
But we thought of each other through the long summer's
day.

As Sophies we came ready to work and to win,
And so we started in at first with a din.
Our officers we elected with care and precision
Then the honors we grabbed without limitation.
Due to lessons the social side was somewhat neglected
But along with this plan our work was protected.

For our grades ranked highest of the high
As we always got our lessons—do or die!
Although our second year seems rather empty,
It was far from such, as you shall see
For its duty was to make fine Juniors of us,
And teach us how to work without a fuss.

As Juniors we returned with not a little pride,
At what lay before us, just a stride.
Our class though not large—suited us just right
For what it lacked in size, it made up for in might.
Beany, Tittle, and Ashbury made the basketball hum,
While the girls were very far from being called "bum."
Alegra spoke at Northern Indiana and was best,
While Donald McArthur shone at our Lake County
Contest.

The "prom" was some affair as you have most likely
heard,
As was our masquerade ball—a feather of the same bird.
Then our Junior year we closed without a tear,
For we were waiting so eagerly for our Senior year.

See us now as Seniors, the "honorable" of the school.
We set the examples and make them the rule.
The faculty says they will miss us when we go,
For always has '19 held a rather high row.
This year all the oratorical honors we claim
For Alegra Nesbit and Frank won the highest fame.

And when Lois and Donald carried off the rest,
 We all stood back and wished them the best.
 Then along came the "hunt"—and say but they did!—
 They hunted all over but failed to find where we hid.
 Of course we were happy, for a feast was our due,
 And they treated us fine, while their pocket-books rue.
 Now our Senior play, I must mention at least,
 And tell you it was as fine, as fine could be.
 The "prom" came along, the gala dance of the year,
 The time when all feel to each other good cheer.
 But all good times they say must end, even bliss,

And the high-school career is no exception to this.
 Of course we all sorrow at leaving old Emerson,
 But forth we must go and send back a ton,
 Of the highest reports from out of the world,
 Concerning the members of its best class enrolled.
 So we bid it good-bye in a sad-joyful way,
 As we journey along her honor to pay.
 We leave the best wishes to the classes who are coming,
 And pardon our conceit if we say "In our tracks do your
 running."

—H. Erlandson, '19.

CLASS PROPHECY



THE pleasure-seekers that we are interested in are the class of 1919, who came to the dunes on a memorable June evening to enjoy themselves before starting out on their life's journey into the unknown. The pleasure-seekers, after wandering over this dune, and down into the valley, came to a place seemingly most suitable for their gathering.

The sun having faded from our sight in the west, the twilight came with its misty shadows, and very soon the evening star appeared in the sky. The sides of the dunes covered with trees, shrubs, and straggling grasses, formed

a barrier from the outside world. The class seemed to realize that soon they were to take a more responsible step in life. With this inspiring scene and atmosphere they began to question each other. As the evening drew on and the darker shadows appeared, the class grouped themselves around the fire to watch the playful flames, wondering what their future held for them.

During the hours of the night the dunes are filled with voices of the present and past. Although the Red Man was long ago driven from the dune country, his spirit still exerts a certain magical spell over the dunes. Out of these

nightly shadows comes the spell of mystery. And out of one of these mists, which appear in the night, came the form of Naeta, the Spirit of the Dunes, once an Indian maiden with sparkling eyes and raven hair. It was Naeta who lured the soul of Taqua, a warrior, to do brave and daring deeds. As Naeta came to Taqua and encouraged him in his life, Naeta again appeared and lured the souls of the class of 1919 to peer into the shadowy depths of the future. Naeta addressed herself first to Arthur O'Hara, saying, "You have started on the right path because yours is a presidential one." Arthur's face beamed at these words, and the crown of his head corresponded to his face.

Over in the corner sat Ruth Wolf, on one side Joe Jacobson and on the other Lester Dubetz. The same old triangle, two men and a woman. Naeta addressed the three, saying: "This triangle will be a paper triangle, with Lester as editor-in-chief; Ruth as society editor, and Joe as printer. In later years you, Ruth, will become so important to the paper and to Lester that, when he says the fatal words, you will answer, 'Yes'."

Seeing the worried look on Frank Kendrick's face, Naeta said: "You will reach your goal as the most famous surgeon of America after many years of study and performing some miraculous operations upon your worthy classmates."

While looking over the number of girls that in their minds thought their career lay in teaching school in this part of the country, she found that fate had planned for their future in different ways. She first addressed Helen Cannon, saying: "Your work does not lie on this side of

the water; but among the Japanese little folks, teaching them their first lessons in English."

Next she spoke to Lois Hutchins: "Lois, with your winning smile you will encourage the eyes of little folks to see all kinds of imaginary pictures, while on your story-telling tours of the world."

To Florence Bernstein Naeta said: "Your work as a supervisor of Expression will be carried on in the Gary schools and in those which have followed the Gary system." Naeta then turned to Alef Blake, saying: "Alef, after years of study in Norway and Sweden, you will become the instructress of folk-dancing in the State University of Texas. Naeta then spoke to Katherine Potee and said, "After preparing for a domestic science teacher, you will find yourself stressing your efforts upon dishes for two, instead of upon the endless bread line of Emerson school."

"Your work, Grace Philips, lies in the translation of the old classics. Your book on research work will be a worthy addition to the language instructor's library." Naeta said to Mildred Blachly, "Among shelves of books your future lies, particularly in the rhymes and fables for the little folks."

When Bessie Friedman saw Naeta look at her, her eyes danced, and she was very eager to hear her fate: "Your gowns, Bessie, will far surpass Lady Duff Gordon's."

In the depths of Ruby Scott's eyes Naeta read: "Your ambitious goal will be reached after many years of toil with paints and canvas. Your wordless pictures will be viewed by your classmates in all the famous galleries of the world."

The twins of our class, May Donnelly and Elina Salmi, were as usual busily engaged in conversation. It would certainly seem unnatural to think of these close companions as separated; therefore the words of Naeta were not surprising: "You, May, will take Elina to your native land, England, and there you girls will attend school, later introducing the Gary school system into a private institution."

Standing next to the twins and casting one of those longing looks from his black volume to a little blushing maid, in the corner, was Frank Kelso. Naeta looked at the Bible in his hand, feeling there was little to say; but I think the last half of her speech was a surprise to all, for she said: "You, Frank, of course, will follow your chosen ministerial path, and your pretty wife, May Uhl, will brighten and make it easier."

Naeta then addressed Oscar Strom: "At West Point you will be visited by your many friends because at this place you will fulfill your military ambitions."

The seeress next seemed to turn her glance to one of the stars; but it was only our class giant, Adelbert Verplank: "You will meet your final success by inventing the most perfect of the moving picture talking machines."

Two of our athletes hadn't seemed especially interested in having their futures revealed; but when Naeta addressed Harold Harris, he was only too willing to listen: "Your athletic career has not been in vain, for in later years the tables will change and you will be coaching the teams 'to go down-state'."

The midget of the class, Robert Friese, was at ease in

this dune land. This was what Naeta said to Robert: "As the champion skier of the world you will be known."

Mildred Feuer and Stella Copeland were discussing marriage and men very seriously when Naeta spoke to Mildred: "Your course in architecture will greatly benefit you in building your spacious home on the Hudson." "Your career as a stenographer will be short, for your life work lies in the thrills of movie land."

The Indian spirit turned then to Hazel Erlandson and said: "Across the water in the land of devastation you will plan for the reconstruction of the renowned creations of architecture."

The girl with the creative mind is Berneil Davis. To her Naeta said: "Your work with your deft fingers amidst bits of ribbon, flowers, and cloth will prove so successful that all well-dressed women will insist upon the Davis trade-mark in their hats."

Only one member of the class happens to have musical ambitions. This is Ruth Davis, whom Naeta next addressed: "Ruth, the music from your violin will sway hundreds to ecstasy and applause."

Next to Ruth stood Helen Haas, anxiously waiting. To her Naeta said: "Your career as a business woman will be known especially in the east."

Donald McArthur and Herbert Plowman seemed to feel that they were being slighted by Naeta, but she next turned to them and said: "Both of you boys have a future in engineering; Donald will become the head engineer in the Illinois Steel Company and Herbert will find his success in the mills at Pittsburg."

Jessie Klinedorf and Mildred Freeburg were next to be told their fates. Naeta said: "You girls will enjoy life in a private kindergarten in California, among the sunshine and flowers."

Speaking to two of our demurest members, Kate Clark and Madge Forsch: "You girls will enter the matrimonial path rather early in life, but yours will be a happy one (although Madge will have some trouble in choosing the right man)."

Will wonders ever cease? Of course, everyone thought Naeta would tell Eva Sprowls about her happy married

life; but instead she said: "Your work as a stenographer will become so famous that your future work lies in our well loved capital."

Last, but not least, Naeta spoke to Gladys Briggs: "Your work, Gladys, is among the noise of typewriters in a commercial department as the instructress."

Having given all the members of the class of 1919 a glimpse into the shadowy depths of their future, just as Naeta had appeared out of one of the nightly mists, she disappeared with the nightly shadows.

—*Alegra Nesbit, 1919.*

CLASS WILL

BE IT remembered, that We, the Senior Class of Emerson School, of the City of Gary, being of sound mind and disposing memory, and being forced by the decree of Fate to sink into nothingness by ending our High School career and to break loose from much that has been of service to us, and being mindful of our approaching demise and dissolution, do declare this to be our last will and testament in manner and form following, that is to say:

Item I. We bequeath our extreme loyalty, our sound judgment, and good "stand in" with Mr. Spaulding to the Junior Class.

Item II. Arthur O'Hara, the class President, leaves to Robert O'Connor his position as interlocutor of the Min-

strels, and his ability to keep red hair glossy and wavy.

Lois Hutchins, our Secretary, wills her sweet disposition and Sophomore boy to Clara Hogan.

From the Harris estate, we do will and bequeath unto George Dunleavy a robust frame and ability to make "varsity teams."

Jessie Klinedorf wills her genuine maiden blushes to Kathryn Witwer, which we hope she will use.

Frank Kendrick wills his love of the fairer sex and the privilege of becoming acquainted with all new girls to Theodore Johnson.

Mildred Feuer and Stella Copeland, our "classy" dancers, leave their ability to Lucille Young and Anna Mages.

Adelbert Verplank bequeathes his new spring suit to "Mickey" Hanlan, and in case he does not need it, it will then be passed on to Guy Henderson.

From the Nesbit estate, Alegra's ability in oratorical contests is willed to Bernice Wilson, and her popularity with the teachers will be given to Martha Hammond.

Carl Johnson bequeathes his extended vocabulary and his ability to keep calm during football practice to his namesake, Roswell Johnson.

Mildred Freeburg wills her position as yell-leader and privilege to organize a Senior W. W. W. club to Mercedes Bost.

Lester Dubetz and Joe Jacobson will their "clevah" sayings and dancing pumps to Louis Rappeport and Renner Stimson.

Ruth Davis leaves to Helen Hauprich her ability "to make the piano talk."

Donald McArthur wills his skill in oratory and ribbons won at the Lake County Track-Meet to Sherwood Judson.

May Uhl leaves her dimple and charming ways to Etta Weber.

Grace Phillips and Oscar Strom leave behind their taxi rides and Sunday afternoon walks to Edward Wilson and Marcella McCormick.

Frank Kelso and Herbert Plowman hand on their knowledge of "Math" to Jerome Pycha.

Berneil Davis bequeaths her popularity to Marjorie Hall.

Ruth Wolf leaves to Gladys Hancock her social ability and privilege of having a "steady."

Gladys Briggs and Hazel Papka will their conversational powers to Floret Ohrenstein and Hermine Alschuler.

Ruby Scott wills to Marjorie Tucker her artistic skill.

Florence Bernstein leaves her ability in elocution to Claudia Isay.

Alef Blake wills her skill in basketball to Mary O'Hara.

Helen Cannon leaves her charm and personality to Marjorie Clark.

Robert Freise wills his "stand in" with Miss Lynch to Edwin Smith.

Madge Forsch bequeaths her good looks to Fay Holmes.

Harold Smith wills his popularity with the ladies to Maurice Friedman.

Mildred Blachly leaves her "real-for-sure" auto to Helen Lemley.

May Donnelly and Elina Salmi will their 95's each month to Jennie Cole and Ethel Larson.

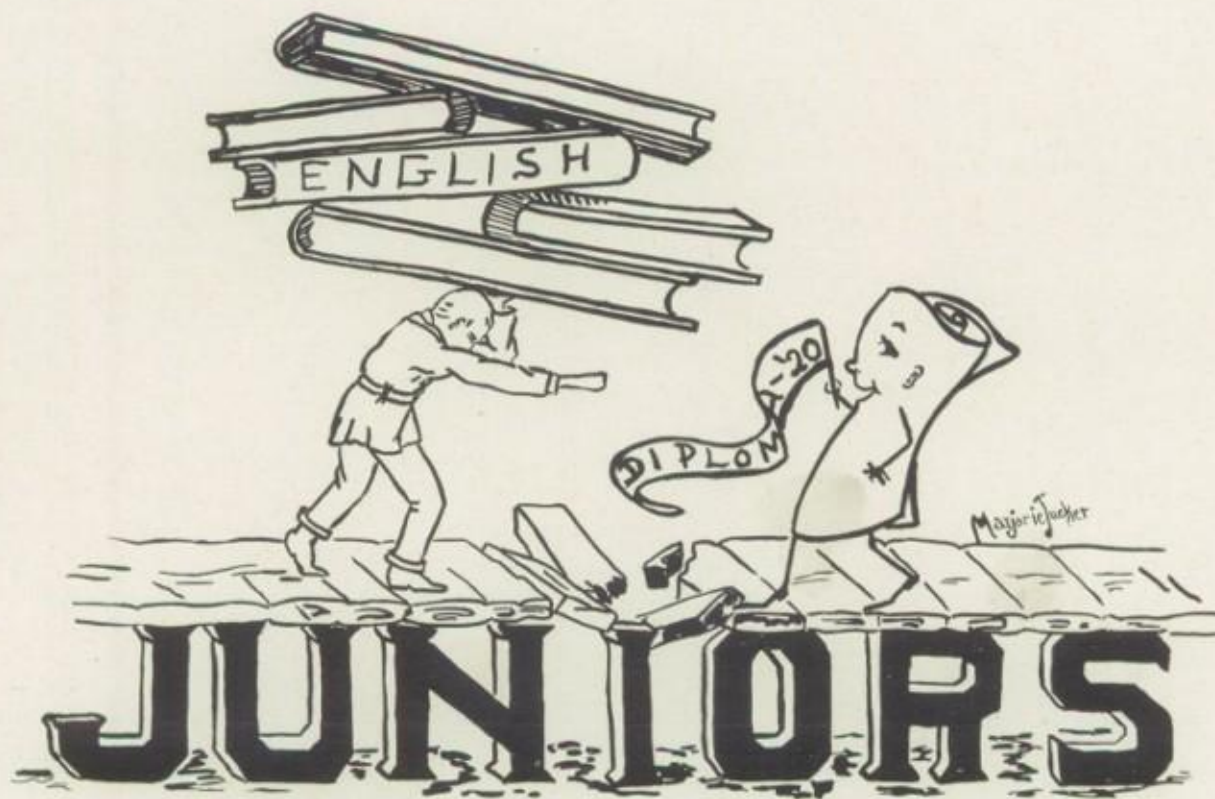
George Strom leaves his talkative nature to Henry Green.

Hazel Erlandson leaves her recipe for happiness to Enid Holmes.

Malvina Onson, Dagmar Brink, and Ellen Strom will receive from our entire team the privilege to win the basketball tournament the coming year.

And, as to all the rest, of whatever nature or kind, we do hereby give and bequeath to those of the Junior Class as yet unprovided for. And lastly do make, constitute, and appoint Miss M. Knickerbocker and Mr. E. A. Spaulding to be executors of this, our last will and testament.

—Eva Sprowls, Scribe.



GEORGE J. DUNLEAVY

"Daniel Boone"

Class President '19.
Football '17, '18, '19.
Basketball '17, '18, '19.
Track '17, '18, '19.
Baseball '17, '19.

ETHEL LARSON

"El"

Annual Board '19.

J. EDWIN SMITH, JR.

"Fleahound"

Asst. Editor Annual '19.
Football '18, '19.
Basketball '19.
Track '17, '18, '19.
Rep. at N. Ind. Oratorical '18.

DOROTHY GREENWALD

"Dot"

Class Historian '18.
Student Council '18.



SHERWOOD JUDSON

"Jud"

Minstrel '19.
Football '19.

GLADYS HANCOCK

"Temper"

Basketball '17, '18, '19.
Hockey '17, '18, '19.
Tennis '17, '18.
Athletic Association '17, '18.
Chorus '19.

MAURICE FRIEDMAN

"Maurie"

Band.
Orchestra.
Class Basketball '19.
Vice-President of Class '19.
Treasurer '18.

LUCILLE YOUNG

"Slim"

Baseball '17.
Basketball '18.

ROSWELL B. JOHNSON

"Swede"

Chorus '18, '19.
Class Secretary '19.
Oratorical Prelims. '18.
Class Baseball '19.

MARJORIE HALL

"Marj"

Chorus '19.
Basketball '18, '19.
Athletic Association '19.
Class Secretary '17.

RENNER STIMSON

"Bone"

Track '18, '19.
Football Squad '19.
Basketball Squad '19.
Class Baseball '19.
Class Basketball '19.

ANNE MAGES

"Venus"

Hockey '17, '19.



EDWARD WILSON

"Siwash"

Track '17, '18.
Yell Leader '18, '19.
Oratorical Prelims. '18.
Class President '17.
Class Basketball '17, '18.

MARJORIE CLARKE

"Marge"

ROBERT O'CONNOR

"Sunshine"

Football '18, '19.
Basketball Mgr. '19.
Track '18, '19.
Annual Board '19.
Oratorical Prelims.

FLORET OHRENSTEIN

"Flow"

Chorus '18, '19.
Hockey '19.

ROLAND ROLEY

"Apache"

Class Baseball '18.
Class Football '17.
Track Squad '19.

JENNIE COLE

"Jennie Jinx"

Hockey '19.
Basketball

THEODORE JOHNSON

"Prima Donna"

Basketball Squad '19.
Class Basketball '19.
Class Baseball '19.
Football Squad '18, '19.

MARY O'HARA

"Bonehead"

Hockey '17, '18, '19.
Treasurer '19.
Basketball '17, '18, '19.
Baseball '17.



FRANCIS HEYDORN

"Skinny"

Treasurer '19.

MADGE FOGLER

"Midge"

Hockey '19.

GLENN REARICK

"Mercury"

Student Council '19.
Track '19.
Oratorical Prelims. '18.

THEODORA HEDGES

"Shrimp"

Hockey '19.

JEROME W. PYCHA

"Cubeb"

Football Squad '19.

HELEN BRUCK

"Breckie"

Basketball '19.

ETTA WEBER

"Vamp"

MARTHA HAMMOND

"Martie"

Hockey '18, '19.
Basketball '19.



HENRY GREEN

"Ikey"

Class Basketball '19.

Chorus '18, '19.

FAYE HOLMES

"Brown Eyes"

KATHERINE WITWER

"Salome"

Basketball '17, '18.
Hockey '18, '19.
Baseball '17.
Class Treasurer '17, '18.
Chorus '19.

DOLORES BIERWAGEN

Class Historian '19.

JOHN BOWERS

"Blubber"

Basketball Squad '19.
Class Baseball '19.
Class Basketball '19.

ELLEN STROM

"Ell"

Basketball '19.
Hockey '18, '19.

EMIL BOWMAN

"Pinky"

Class Baseball '19.
Football Squad '19.

MALVINA ONSON

"Alie"

Basketball '17, '18, '19.
Hockey '17, '18, '19.
Baseball '17.
Tennis '17, '18.



ARNOLD LIEBERMAN

"Socrates"

Student Council '19.

CLAUDIA ISAY

"Skinny"

Declamatory Prelims. '18, '19.

LOUIS RAPPEPORT

"Two-Cups"

Football '19.
Class Basketball '19.
Class Baseball '19.
Basketball Squad '19.

HELEN JONES

"Casey"

HERMINE ALSCHULER

"Al"

Chorus '18.

Hockey '18.

HELEN WARNER



WILLIAM O'BRIEN

"Admiral"



BERNICE WILSON

"Fish"

Hockey '19.
Basketball '19.



GILBERT GREENBERG

"Shark"

Class Football '17.



ARDATH RALPH

"R. D."

Declamatory Prelims. '18.

THE JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY



LOOKING back over the past three years, we feel a thrill of pride in knowing that we are students in Emerson. We came back last fall with the intention of "doing something" and keeping up the good name we had made as Freshmen and Sophomores.

We started our career as Juniors with our first class meeting when we elected George Dunleavy as president, well knowing that he was big enough to command order and take the lead through the year. Maurice Friedman, an able worker, was made vice-president. Finding out what a good mind Roswell Johnson had, we elected him secretary. Mary O'Hara and Francis Heydorn, both quite capable of collecting money, filled the position of treasurer. Glenn Rearick and Clara Hogan were chosen as Student Council deputies and the Athletic Association representatives were Marjorie Hall and Edwin Smith.

Having been organized, we entered into all fields of high school work with the greatest vim and interest. The first activity of the year was football. Our classmen, Bob O'Connor, Ed Smith, and George Dunleavy, were the stars from the Junior class.

Hockey came next. The girls certainly did work hard to have the team one of which the class might be proud—and they succeeded, for they came off victorious in every game. The "champs" were entertained by the losing teams at a fancy dress party, at which the "E's" were awarded.

In basketball—as in everything—our boys were in the front rank. Again George Dunleavy and Ed Smith got

into the fight and helped make Emerson's team what it is. The rest of the class, being loyal and full of "pep," came out in full force for all the games. The girls also again broke a record by winning every basketball game they played, even against the Seniors.

Our class as a whole has not had the opportunity to do much in a social way, although it has furnished the incentive for a number of after-school activities. Of course, the "Prom" is always the greatest event of the year, and the very mention of the word causes a thrill.

Not so many entered the Oratorical Contest this year as previously, but Claudia Isay did her best for the girls, and Robert O'Connor and Ed Smith represented the boys.

In the contest chorus appeared all whose voices were not spoiled by yelling at the basketball games.

In writing our annals, we must not forget the Minstrels. Some of the boys who helped make it a great success were: O'Connor, Dunleavy, Green, Johnson, Judson, Pycha, and Smith.

With all the pleasures we have had this year we have not neglected our studies. Indeed, we hardly know a failure. We are truly grateful to the teachers of Emerson for their help and guidance. Now, as we are ready to embark on our course as Seniors, we feel confident that we shall maintain our optimistic spirit, loyalty, and confidence in good old Emerson, and that we shall do our school credit through its own influence.

—Clara Hogan, '20.





Forty-two

SOPHOMORE CLASS

CLASS OFFICERS

President, Helen Hauprich
Vice-President, Mortimer Feder
Secretary, Bessie Harris
Treasurer, Martha Taylor

Treasurer, Arthur Travers
Athletic Association, Marion Gale
Athletic Association, Sam Honorof
Student Council, Arnold Lieberman

Student Council, Marion Albright

CLASS

Marion Albright
Thelma Aptekman
Eleanor Best
Mercedes Bost
Clyde Barleer
Junior Bowers
Beatrice Caster
Maurice Clay
Ruth Comerue
Mary Dingler
Emerald Duranleau
Eugene Dils

Goodell Erlandson
Nathan Friedlander
Adrian Feuer
Harland Freebury
Charles Gannon
Margaret Gale
Helen Hauprich
Bernard Harmon
Sam Honorof
Guy Henderson
Mary Hornell
Alice Heintz
Mary White

Mildred Jamison
Edna Jones
Anna Johnson
Germaine Loeffel
Joseph Laube
Zoe Lester
Martha Taylor
Louise Turnipseed
Grace McNiel
Dorothy Mountain
Eda Murray
Dorothy McLouth
William Wood

Merrill Nusbaum
George Nyguard
Margaret Neff
Edward Nelson
Edward O'Hara
George Percival
Annette Peterson
Mariette Poxon
Beulah Percival
Frank Quinlan
Liella Romel
Arthur Rappeport
Audrey Winter

George Staab
Helen Sinclair
Myrtle Sweimler
Helen Sayles
Harry Steiner
Frank Sibley
Ross Sibley
Nickie Schoon
Gladys Smyth
Stewart Stimson
Marjorie Tucker
Eva Wilson

SOPHOMORE CLASS HISTORY



IN THE fall of 1917 we entered Emerson as Freshies, but even if we were only "Freshies", all of us were determined to show what we could do, both for our school and ourselves.

A year later the greater part of us came back to begin our Sophomore studies with the same idea in mind as we had had before, but this time even more determined. To give this determination a voice we elected Helen Hauprich, president; Mortimer Feder, vice-president (thanks to the faithfulness of our president, he has had no opportunity to preside); Bessie Harris, secretary; and Arthur Travers and Martha Taylor, treasurer. With these officers, Clyde Barber and Arnold Lieberman as our representatives in the League of Nations (in other words, the Student Council), and Sam Honoroff and Marion Gale in the Athletic Association, we knew we could do almost anything.

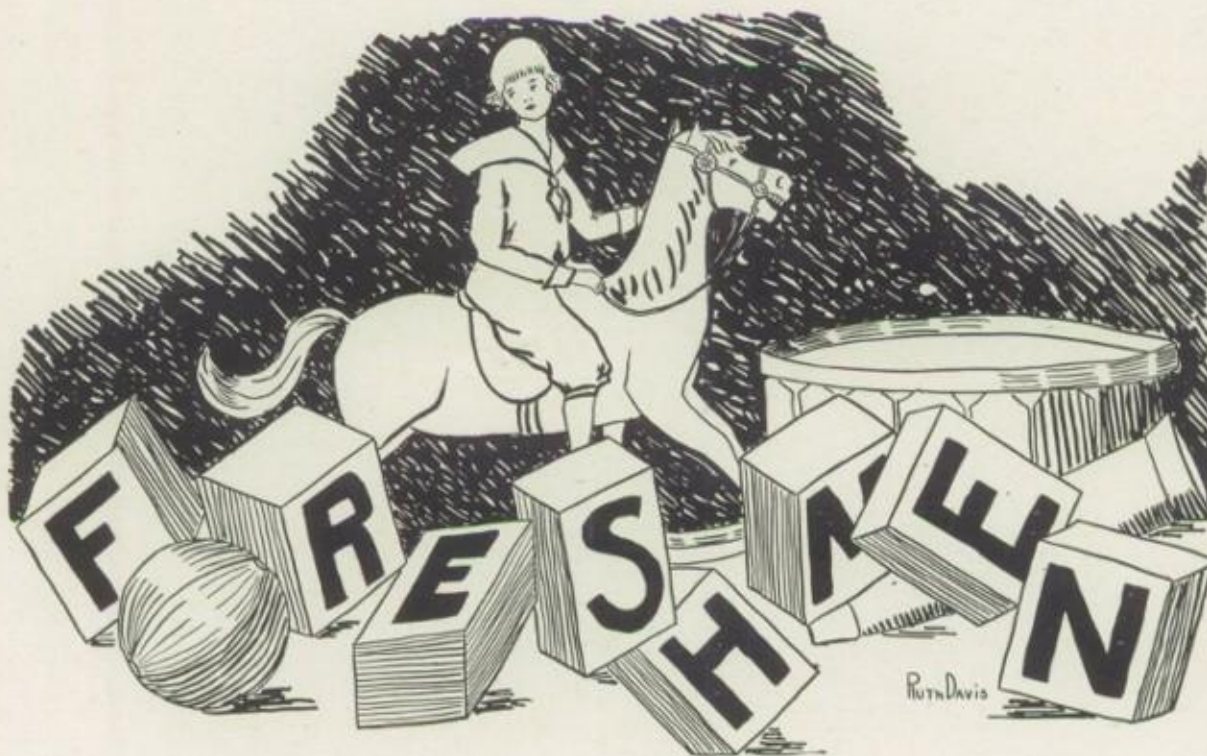
Among our athletes such celebrities (?) as Frank Quinlan, Frank Sibley, Eugene Dils, and Ross Sibley showed themselves. In order to support these stars and the rest of the teams, Sophomores have always been on the sidelines as well as in the game. Also the Sophomores have been well represented at all mass meetings and other affairs of the same nature.

In other branches also, Sophomores have always been well to the front. This is shown by the fact that Mr. Snyder chose a great many Sophomores for the contest chorus. Any teacher in Emerson will tell you of the fine records their Sophomore students are making.

Probably Emerson students wonder why the Sophomore class has not given any social affairs. The reason for this is very evident; society and studies do not go together well. As one or the other had to be dropped, the social side was left out. This phase of school life will soon be brought back into the lime-light by us, since most of us now have enough points to our credit to drop some of our academic work, thus leaving us more time for recreation.

With the determination to succeed, we feel that although we have made many records for ourselves in the past two years, the coming years of our connection with Emerson will be of even more value to Emerson and us. So we leave Emerson at the end of our second year, ready to come back next year and establish better and greater records for ourselves.

—Harry Steiner, '21.





CLASS

CLASS OFFICERS

President, Virginia Chase

Treasurer, Lucille Sheffer

Vice-President, Emlyn Jones

Athletic Association, Julia Child

Secretary, Sanford Aldrich

Athletic Association, Ward Hyle

Treasurer, Robert Krueger

Student Council, Beatrice Nesbit

Student Council, Robert Rickard

Forty-six

FRESHMAN CLASS

Edna Anderson	Jenibee Coats	Lynn Ferris	Ruth Landrigan	Ruth Reling
Carl Altenhof	Julia Child	Clyde Figge	Fannie Lakin	Ruth Rice
Herbert Altenhof	Dorothy Clarke	Edna Fuller	Iva Likens	Merle Ralph
Sanford Aldrich	Leroy Clough	Matthias Fabianski	Randos Myers	Lester Rayburn
Mary Atvas	Guy Cooke	Mildred Goodall	Sarah Manalan	Ralph Ross
Frances Adams	Virginia Chase	Margaret Gross	Everett Morgan	Mary Ransel
Myrtle Anderson	Dorothy Chavkin	Minor Gideon	Paul Malcolm	William Rember
Fred Andrews	Helen Cox	Claude Golden	William Martin	Naomi Sensibar
Jay Bone	Inez Carr	Sidney Goldman	Dorothy Murphy	Ezra Sensibar
Margaret Bailey	Warren Chase	Dale Good	Helen McLaughlin	Edward Strom
Florence Borman	Sam Dubin	Eliza Greenberg	Marguerite McNeill	Willis Slosson
Ronald Bowman	Clara Dunbar	Arvid Gustafson	Janet Martin	David Stanton
Clara Beerman	Eliza Davis	Chester Golkowski	Marcella McCormick	Victor Salmi
Hannah Black	Loretta Demien	Leon Gear	Harold Mascher	Granville Strait
Naomi Bowers	Harold Davis	Arthur Gerdes	Lavina Marshall	Harold Sanderson
Nellie Bradshaw	Leo Diamond	Elwood Glueck	Tamsen Neff	Lucille Sheffer
William Ballin	Donald Dykeman	Marion Gale	William Noltner	Lillian Sandles
John Bogich	Vernon Duke	Abe Grossberg	Beatrice Nesbit	Nelson Stevens
Elveretta Bruse	Francis Dils	Thomas Haley	Geraldine Onson	John Sample
Helen Bush	Raymond Duff	Joseph Haley	Arnold Olson	Joseph Springberg
Flora Benner	Harper English	Helen Hay	Lorne Oliver	Frank Stimson
Cecil Bumphrey	Myrtle Eibel	Elizabeth Hurtt	Jessie O'Connor	John Symes
Dorothy Brennan	Gertrude Eibel	Ward Hyle	Nellie Osman	Raymond Sherwood
Mildred Brown	Florence Eddleston	Donald Highwood	Vera Pisarski	Roger Sherwood
Lucille Burgess	Rudolph Eddlestein	Erwin Hubinger	Robert Pickard	Joseph St. Clair
Teresa Clarke	Allein Endicott	Virginia Huff	Allein Plum	Grace Sheehan
Gertrude Beerman	Rosemary Faherty	Randall Lightbody	William Pendleton	Fred Soloman
Herman Clarin	Helen Fogler	Lowell Lemley	Marion Quance	Fremont Street
Vincent Cavanaugh	Crystal Fishel	Elizabeth Lally	Mabel Runge	Alina Szold

Lawrence Sizer
Mike Shellhouse
June Strait
Helen Sprowls
Leona Todd

Berdena Troutman
Arthur Travers
William Tuft
Dorothy Verplank

John Wallace
Arva Wheeler
Norman Winter
Laddie Wilson

Clare Watson
Mildred Wulfin
James Wynn
Helen Wildermuth

Charles Wise
Alvin Wood
Victor Weigel
Rex Young
Marguerite Yoder

FRESHMAN CLASS HISTORY



WE, THE class of '22, though young in experience, are rich in promise. Although not permitted to entertain our respected "elders" in as lavish a way as we should desire, we have, nevertheless, made several *fairly* successful attempts. That these affairs did not prove to be brilliant social functions is not our fault. We had the *spirit*, but the Seniors, fearing that our inexperience would cause a "fiasco", took the reins from our reluctant hands.

You can not, however, down a "freshy". We succeeded in placing one of our members on the basketball varsity team—our honorable Alvin Wood—better known, outside of classes, as "Tonic". He also, with Willis Slosson, Ervin Hubinger, and Frank Quinlan, made the football varsity team.

Our boys claimed a good basketball team, but when the test came, they failed to "put it over" on the upper class teams. The personnel of the team included: Tyrie Robbins, Harry Ryan, Harold Sanderson, Alvin Wood, Ervin Hubinger, Fred Bynon, and Robert Pickard.

Although the girls can claim no such prodigy as Wood, they have all shown much skill in hockey and basket ball, at least as much as could be expected of "freshies".

The hockey team members were: Mary Atvas, Clara Beerman, Helen Fogler, Crystal Fisher, Georgia Hutson,

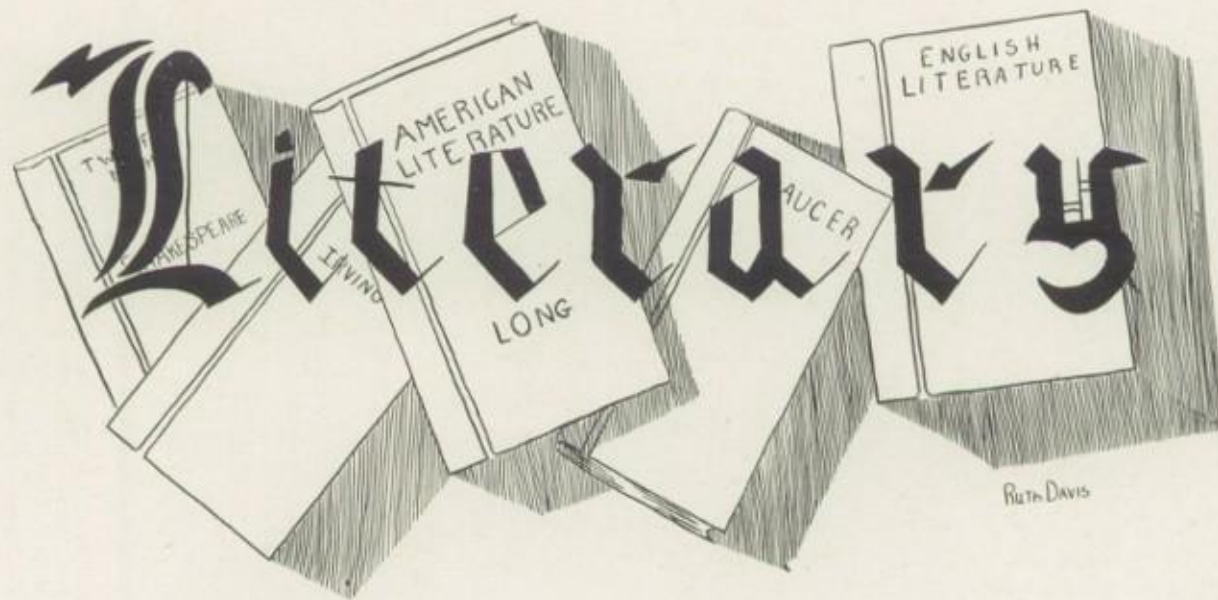
Florence Kunert, Fanny Lakin, Sarah Manalan, Vera Pisarski, Helen Sprouls, Alyne Szold, June Strait, Helen Wildermuth, and their industrious captain, Virginia Chase. Although the team fought very bravely in battle, they could not get "over the top", leaving the Juniors as champions. At a banquet and cotillion, given in honor of the Junior team, by the other teams, the "Freshies", with beaming faces, triumphantly received their E's.

The basket-ball team including Anna Johnson, Margaret McNeill, Eileen Endicott, Lillian Heflich, Clara Beerman, and Fanny Lakin, had a little trouble in showing off their skill because several of their best players were ineligible. For this we do not apologize, as it is a common disease among the "Freshies".

Last summer, the Emerson "Freshy" girls won the summer school base-ball tournament. The following girls won E's: Julia Child, Martha Taylor, Alyne Szold, Florence Asher, and Fanny Lakin. These *E's* have not been awarded yet, but the girls have not yet lost *all* hope of ever getting them.

Space will not permit us to enumerate further our many achievements. If, however, by any chance we have awakened your interest in us, we close with this parting challenge—you'll have to go some to hit our pace.

—Alyne Szold, '22



CAMOUFLAGE



THE OLD fence on the back campus creaked and groaned under the weight of manhood which its advanced years were scarcely able to bear. The younger sons of Emerson College were perched in silence along the fence, each one evidently suffering from an acute attack of spring fever. Every few minutes a long sigh was drawn, and except for this very little was said. They had the satisfaction, however, of knowing there was someone to talk to if they had the desire to talk.

Suddenly "Chuck" Rider seemed to come to life. "Whoopee, fellows, I've got it!"

"What?" questioned Slim Fitzpatrick.

"I've got an idea, for a wonder."

"Well, tell it!" said one of the fellows.

"You were all trying to think of some penalty to give MacMasters for breaking that rule about coming into the dining room before the Seniors were all in. Well I've thought of one. You know the kid's so homesick he's nearly crazy—his little brother had scarlet fever at Christmas—and he's never been away from home before. He leaves on his spring vacation tomorrow. Well, it's like this. Tonight we'll tell Bob that the only way he can square himself is to act as a regular "swell" from the time he reaches home tomorrow till the same time the next day. His family are crazy about him, and maybe they won't have a fit."

"Say, do you think he'd do anything like that when he's so crazy to get home?"

"I'm telling you he'd do anything for Sigma Chi."

That evening when Robert MacMasters learned his fate, all the joy had seemed to go out of his life. He was a good sport though. And he had broken the rules of his fraternity, and must pay the price. But it was his first year away from home. Why couldn't they have let him have his first vacation in peace?

"Remember, Dick McVeah lives in Oakdale too, so there's no escape, old man," had been the last words he had heard as he boarded the train.

The train that was carrying him home seemed immeasurably slow to him. He was going to see again the low sprawling station, with the dray backed up against it. His father should be there with the car that he had driven almost a million miles. Maybe he would have the kid with him too. As the train whistle blew its welcome to the little town he called home, Bob jumped and rushed out to the steps of the car. Suddenly Dick McVeah appeared in the door of the next coach. The look in his eyes was enough to make Bob remember what he was to do. Drawing a long sigh and straightening his shoulders, he walked out to the platform to do his duty for Sigma Chi.

"Howjadew, fawther?" he said in a well modulated voice, giving his cane a swaggering little twist, adjusting his monocle, and at the same time trying to suppress Zip's joy at seeing again the old familiar places. All this brought his assumed dignity near to peril, but with an effort he regained it. "Bah Jove, you have the little chawp too! How awh you, old top?"

"Howd'y Son," said Mr. MacMasters. Many people had said that a year of college would ruin his son, and here he was to prove the truth of the prediction.

Mr. MacMasters drew a long sigh as he looked his son over and said, "Well, let's go home."

They left the platform and climbed into the waiting car.

"Want to drive?" asked Robert's father, in his laconic way.

"No thanks, I'm afraid I'll soil my gloves. I wouldn't want to do that, doncha know."

"Huh!"

"How's the mater?"

"Who?"

"Mother. Bah Jove, fawther, you're rich."

"More ways than one, I suppose."

They had reached the MacMasters home by this time and Robert walked in, in the most imposing manner, leaving his father to carry in the luggage.

Mrs. MacMasters rushed to the door, joyously, but when she saw her son standing there with a cane, a pipe, and a monocle, all she could utter was "Robert!"

"Yes, mothah deah, aren't you glad to see your son?"

"Why— —why certainly. Come right in. Supper is almost ready. And I suppose you will want to wash up a bit before we eat."

"You say dinnah is almost ready. How very chawming! Yes, I must brush up a trifle aftah that beastly journey. See you later, mater deah."

"Yes, I suppose so," said his mother in a rather puz-

zled way. Was this her son, her frank, whole-hearted son whom she had sent away last fall? Could this be he?

She turned and faced her husband.

"Well?" he said.

"Oh George," was all she could say.

That night at "dinnah" Robert's father tried to enliven things a little by inquiring about the work at college.

"Yes, I'm quite fond of it, doncha know. Should you care to know my schedule? I have psychology, chemistry, entomology in the morning; sociology, biology, and English literature in the afternoon."

"Say, son, don't they have any foot-ball-ology at that college?"

"Yes, but that's for merely the "beef" of the school. We, of the aesthetic type, do not care for that sort of thing."

During the meal, his mother announced that she had asked a group of young people to the house that night, as a welcome for him. There were just to be some of his old schoolmates.

"I reckon it will be a terrible bore, but I'll try to pull through."

"Robert!" said his mother again, in a hurt voice.

"I'm sorry, mother, I didn't mean that," said Robert, for the moment reverting to his natural self. Mr. MacMasters looked up as though he sensed the real Bob MacMasters. In an instant, however, Bob was back in the assumed self again.

"But these little gatherings are boresome, sometimes, doncha know, though I hope this one won't be," he said in a very doubtful voice.

In a short time Bob came down stairs in a full dress suit, his monocle and a wrist watch. Now above all things that Mr. MacMasters detested was a man's wearing a wrist watch. Bob noticed the red creeping all over his face, and his hard breathing. He thought, "Here's where I end," but that was not yet to be.

"Will you kindly remove that thing from around your wrist?"

"Why fawther, the most prominent of the elite are wearing wrist watches now. Why should you object?"

"I don't care who's wearing them. Please take that thing off to oblige me."

Robert took it off for the time being, but soon had it on again.

By this time the guests had begun to arrive. First came a group of girls, and in a few moments the boys entered.

"How childish!" said Robert to his mother. "Don't the men here know enough to call for a girl?"

In the room where the girls were removing their wraps, remarks were flying, thick and fast.

"Isn't he stunning, girls?"

"A real man."

"I didn't get a good look at him. Has he changed much?"

"Has he, well—"

"Did you see? He had a wrist watch and a monocle!"

"This is the best ever. Won't Katy be angry because she didn't come?"

In the room where the boys were, remarks were flying thick and fast, but they were remarks of another type.

"Well, if he isn't the worst that ever hit the town, I don't know what I'm talking about."

"A monocle and a wrist watch, did you see it? Wow!"

"I'd go and jump in the lake before I'd make such a fool of myself, so help me, judge."

"There's a new girl here tonight," said Mrs. MacMasters to her son. "Won't you be especially nice to her?"

"If I can," he said with a sigh. "I'll try, tho', for you, mater."

"Why under the sun does he call me that, and what does it mean?" asked Mrs. MacMasters of her husband.

"Search me," was the reply.

The guests were coming downstairs now, and each one had to renew his acquaintance with Mr. MacMasters, Jr.

When Bob was introduced to the "new girl" he was heard to murmur, "Chawmed, I'm suah." The other girls "turned green with envy," and refused to have anything more to do with Barbara Stanford the rest of the evening. She did not mind this, however, as Bob monopolized her most of the time she was there.

"Please be nice to the other girls, too, Bob," whispered his mother to him once during the evening.

"She's such a chawming little thing, and I fear the others would bore me. By the way, mother, I prefer to be called Robert."

Miss Stanford was indeed a "chawming little thing." She had dark, fluffy hair, large blue eyes, fringed with dark lashes, and a small, rather childish looking mouth. She seemed the butterfly type of girl, prattling on about

nothing in particular, and looking rather puzzled when Bob talked of his 'ies and 'ologies.

The other girls grew more and more jealous as the evening went on, and the remarks to be heard now were scarcely as complimentary as those upstairs.

"He's not so good-looking when you get up close to him."

"Did you see the way he screws up his face when he puts that monocle in his eye?"

"Yes; isn't it ridiculous?"

The next morning Robert informed his mother that she need not expect him home to lunch, as he was to have lunch with Miss Stanford. It was Saturday and she was not busy, so she said. He did not know what a little thing like her could be busy at, any way.

"Very well," said his mother. "Evidently you no longer care for your home!"

"It isn't that, mother dear, but a man must have a little recreation."

Robert called for Miss Stanford, and as she came out he noticed that she was even prettier than she had been the night before.

"Here's my chance," thought Bob. "I'll have one last splurge and then I'll tell 'em what it's all about. Maybe I'm not going to make Barbara Stanford's eyes stick out now."

On their way to the Blue Bird tea room, where they were to lunch, Bob began to talk. He told her everything he knew about psychology, about poetry, literature; in fact, he told her everything he knew about anything.

After the matinee which they had attended Bob was still feeling quite boastful, and, desiring to show there was still a little bit more that he knew, he began to talk of early Rome. Then he talked of Caesar and the study of Latin.

"This man Orgetorix—you probably never studied Latin and never heard of him—he was a fine fighter, though I abhor the thought of war."

They were at the door of Miss Stanford's home. The temptation was too great for her to resist.

"Yes, sonny," she said, "I know all about this man Orgetorix. I have taught Latin for three years."

"For the love of Mike!"

"Mother! Mother! Mother!"

Mrs. MacMasters came running down with a frightened expression on her face, to see her son standing in the doorway waving his arms and yelling at the top of his voice.

"What is it, Robert?"

"Stop that Robert stuff and come here and kiss me, quick! It was all a joke, but I'm the biggest joke around here now."

He laughingly told his mother how he had broken his fraternity oath and this had been his punishment. He also told her how he had told Miss Stanford everything he knew to make a good impression, and how she had turned the tables and the joke was at the present time on him.

"And to think," he said thoughtfully, "she's such a little thing."

—Lois Hutchins, '19.

THE STREAM

*"Too wonderful its way to tell,
As is the eagle's in the air."*

Is it not strange to you
That waters, like runners, rush over the land as they do?
Turning and dashing, through forest crashing,
Over plains far away coursing and whirling?

In deepening ways the waters bend,
Extending from source to no lasting end;
And though common it is and in courses it goes,
Yet is it not strange how the water fast flows?

Loose, the village it rounds, fields nearing in bounds,
And where to lower levels it must, down pouring it leaps,
And onward the stream, alive, much alive,
A traveler strange, at no stop to arrive.

Far from unblending clamor and wearisome routine,
It brings, alone in its peace, calm and serene,
Old nature's constant self, sublime,
Grandeur's true majestic clime.

Where the moon softly steals its path by night,
Through sky slowly making across, splendid sight;
It flows, and lighted, the moon's unfix'd figure it holds,
And when winds ruffle, it ripples its folds.

Ofttimes o'er tumbling stream from out underbrush thick,
Is carried a call, sylvan, specific:
While the big beast turns to see who has watched
Him utter his call, so fearless and proud.

Then down the high bank to the rocky bed,
He comes to the water with unhurried tread,
Drinks, and while lapping, nature's tongue his mate discloses,
Whose coming twigs tell. In challenge he pauses.

—Frank Kelso, '19.

COMMENCEMENT DAY

'Twas Commencement Day, and all through the school
Everyone was astir—there was no heed of rule
Books were turned in and lockers were cleared,
Monthly report cards were no longer feared.

Language and history, science and art,
In the lives of the students had each played a part;
Auditorium hour, the most dreaded by all,
Was naught but a shadow in memory's hall.

In high school athletics many laurels were won,
Combined with hard work and plenty of fun;
In choral contests and oratoricals, too,
The trophies earned were many, not few.

In tennis and hockey, football and track,
Emerson's foe was always forced back;
All through the year, in many a fray,
Ever on top waved the Gold and the Gray.

The "Hunt" and the "Prom," the renowned Senior play,
And many gay parties in the "gym" held sway.
The Baccalaureate Sermon, which we should never forget,
And the Class Night, where for the last time we all met.

As during the four years of our high school course
For our school colors we'd yell till almost hoarse;
Now do not forget our banner so dear,
The Gold and the Gray; let's give it a cheer!

—Hermine Alschuler, '20.

THE GHOST OF THE MANOR



THE SUMMER holidays had come. A long, weary term of college life was over, and with a thrill of delight I seated myself on the train that was to bear me to my aunt's home in Kincora.

Having reached my journey's end, I jumped to the platform where my aunt was already awaiting my arrival. We drove off rapidly through the glens and mountains of this wild region and towards night-fall we reached the Manor, an old castle of Elizabethan architecture. Several other guests had arrived, mostly old friends of Aunt Grace's. All the bedrooms were occupied except one in the western wing, which was called "The Turret Room," and which had the reputation of being haunted. Now, I was not over-anxious to occupy this room, but of course. I could never tell anyone that, and in my attempt at bravery I insisted so strongly that I be allowed to sleep in it, that, after some consideration my aunt finally consented.

The walls were hung with scarlet tapestry, which had lost most of their former beauty, for time had had its effect. The mantelpiece was of curious structure, and the wall above it was panelled. Firmly set in one of the panels was an oil painting of an old ancestor of mine. As I gazed on it, I thought I had never seen so kind or sympathetic a countenance. A large bed of oaken frame with canopy stood in the middle of the room. Two old-fashioned chairs and a rather curious dressing table and washstand completed the furniture of the room.

I was just settling down to sleep when a slight sound caught my ears. It seemed as if someone were walking in stockinged feet around the room. I looked up, quivering "like an aspen leaf in the wind." And then—oh, horror of horrors! a form stood by my bedside. I was too paralyzed to move or scream. I just lay and stared at this apparition, and gradually the supernatural being seemed to become familiar. The kindly eyes, the pathetic and loving countenance, the curly hair, and—Heavens! It was my ancestor, he whose portrait I had seen set in the panelling above the mantelpiece. As I gazed in awe and dread on the spectre, I clearly discerned his curly hair, his cravat, and riding coat. In his hand he held a riding whip, and wore large hunting boots on his feet. His eyes were sunken, his face worn, his cheeks pale and wrinkled, and his hands thin and bony.

He gazed on me for awhile, and then in a voice infinitely pathetic and gentle he said, "My child, Divine guidance has led you here tonight. Every year, at this time, for centuries gone by, I have come here to unfold my sad tale to some human being, and every time I have been disappointed, finding this room empty and uninhabited. Now I will unburden myself to you.

"In the time when the cruel Elizabeth sat on the throne of England, I, your ancestor, lived in this castle. The English queen desired to force the inhabitants of this fair land to submit to her laws, and employed cruel methods to obtain her ends. Carew, her tool, wrought havoc wherever

he went. Countless numbers of lords and chieftains fled, for they knew it was useless to resist the well-organized army of Elizabeth. I remained, intending to hide some valuable papers and heirlooms, and then to follow my wife and children, whom I sent to safety. There, in the wood-work above the mantelpiece, is a button, which, when pressed, causes one of the panels to slide back and reveal a long, winding staircase leading down into a secret room. In that room I hid the papers and other treasures belonging to the house.

"As I was remounting the stairs, I stumbled, for it was very dark, and, being rather old and weak, I fell backwards, the force of the fall killing me. The rest of the story is easily told. The soldiers never came. The warning had been a false one. But my wife never returned. She died in France.

"Some years afterwards, my only son returned, and found the castle intact, though sadly neglected. After a few years of care, however, it was in as good repair as ever. And thus it has been handed down from generation to generation, to your family. Now, my child, I make this prophecy: The day will come when Ireland will regain her place among the nations of the earth, and that day is not far distant. And now I will say farewell. My time is spent, and my spirit will now wander no more."

The spectre vanished, and I was left alone in the "Turret Room". My head felt dizzy, my temples throbbed, my surroundings were gradually disappearing, and in spite of all my courage, I became unconscious.

It was daylight when I regained consciousness. I could hear the chirping of the robins, as they sang their morning hymn. I was, however, too weak to rise, and when my aunt came to see what was detaining me, I told her the whole story. She was inclined to disbelieve me, but after feeling on the panelling for a long time, she found the button and when she pressed it, the panel slid back. That seemed proof enough that my story was not a mere dream, but still she was not convinced, so when the guests had departed, we descended the secret stairway, and there found many valuable heirlooms, which we had often wondered about, but there were no documents of any kind.

Little more remains to be told, except that this adventure cured me of any desire to sleep in a haunted room. And I may say that, beautiful as the place was, and in spite of my aunt's kindness, I took my departure from the manor as soon as I could do so graciously. I spent the rest of my vacation amid more enlivening surroundings, and soon forgot the weird effect of this ominous incident.

—*May Donnelly, '19*

HIGH SCHOOL DAYS



IN THE beginning of high school days the powers that be created Latin, football, and mathematics. Next they caused weeds and trees to spring up in the Garden of Eden (the school campus). In the center of this great garden the grand Temple of Learning was erected. They then created disciples (teachers) and sent them into the Temple to teach these things even unto the end of the world.

After completing the above tasks, they created the class of '19 and decreed that they should enter into the Temple, and be taught for four years. They were to be allowed to taste freely of the trees of learning with the exception of the tree of mischief.

Accordingly, in the ninth month of the year one thousand nine hundred and fifteen A. D., the class of '19, along with a multitude of similar beings, entered into the Temple of Learning.

They immediately began to be taught concerning the fundamentals of Latin, Algebra, and Right Living. After hearing these subjects expounded for ten weary months, the class of '19 at last escaped into the open sunshine for a few days.

They were bowed down with their burdens at the expiration of two short months. Lessons upon lessons came pouring down upon them like unto the rain from heaven, but these lessons did not return to the place from whence they came. The class of '19, who were at that time the Sophs. of '17, could not hear the still small voice saying, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden,

and I will give you rest." Instead of this comforting promise, they heard the stern voice of their teachers saying, "Come unto me, ye numskulls, and I will give you more to do."

In the year one thousand nine hundred and seventeen the class of '19 entered upon the third year of study and meditation in the Temple of Learning. The visions and rights and privileges they would receive when they became Seniors stirred this class of Juniors unto higher and better things, and at the close of the term of 1918 these Juniors celebrated the last banquet with the Seniors of '18.

At the beginning of the fall of 1918, the class of '19 entered into their Gethsemane (their Senior year). They trod the dark mazes of American History and Trigonometry. They indulged in a few social functions during the year, but the thoughts of a dreaded test next day prevented these serious-minded Seniors from enjoying themselves. Now the end of the great drama of school life is drawing to a close, and the class of '19 are nearing their goal of graduating from the Temple of Learning. On the eve of that fateful graduation the class feel as if the mists have cleared away, and they await with anxious hearts the day and hour when their doom will be pronounced.

There will be wailings and showers of good will when the class of '19 leaves forever the blessed Temple of Learning.

—Alef Blake, '19.

THE SPECTATOR'S VISION

(An imitation of the style of Addison's Sir Roger de Coverley Papers)

SEPTEMBER 4, 1711

Fere libenter homines id quod volunt credunt.



HIS evening at a meeting of the Spectator Club our conversation drifted to the Gary schools. Some of our members spoke for, and others against, the system. But upon investigation it was found that there was no one among us who was well acquainted with the system.

Sir Roger de Coverley, one of our members, became interested. He is planning a business trip to the United States, which will bring him near Gary. He has promised to visit Gary and the schools and give us a report on his return.

NOVEMBER 26, 1711

Tempora imitantur et nos imitamur in illis.

Sir Roger de Coverley has just returned and was among us tonight for the first time since his departure for the United States. True to his promise, he visited Gary, and this evening told us about his trip. I shall try to give his description in his own words, as nearly as I can.

"Gentlemen," he began, "it has been some months since I was last at a meeting of our club. During that time I have seen many things which you may think incredible. But, nevertheless, I shall tell you exactly what I saw, so that you may form your own opinion of the system.

"I arrived at Gary about dusk one evening, and as soon as I alighted from the train my surprises began. I

expected to find a small but growing town, an impression which I had received from the fact that it is but twelve years old. But instead, I found an already-established bustling city. Never before have I seen such an army of men as issued from the steel mills, near the station.

"But let us not dwell too long on the city itself. The school which I saw on the next day was even more interesting. I decided to visit the Emerson building, as I was told that it was the most representative of all the schools in the city. Determined to see the day's program from start to finish, I was on the grounds of the school at 8:30, thinking it would be some time before the school began. But to my astonishment, the classes were already in session at this early hour.

"On ascending a broad flight of stairs in the front of the building, I first noticed a door marked 'Auditorium.' It sounded interesting, so I entered. To my utter amazement the room was dark but occupied. Then I saw that moving pictures were being shown, the subject of which was mining. Truly it was interesting as well as instructive.

"When the picture was finished the curtains were opened. A man carrying a violin case came down the aisle with a brisk step and ascended the stairs to the stage. He announced a number and the singing began before I was

well aware of his presence. There was nothing slow about this man, I thought, and in a moment my opinion was confirmed. All at once the singing stopped; he was down from the platform, telling a boy to sing in a manner I thought rather queer. But after the storm was over he smiled and the singing was resumed, without further interruption, until a bell rang. Then the room was emptied.

"I, too, left and next visited a room in which the pupils were writing what seemed to me a foreign language. I am considered a good linguist, but I was not acquainted with this language. On asking one of the students what it was, I was told that it was shorthand, a system of writing English rapidly. I thought that it would be very convenient to be skilled in this art; but, friends, two years of study are required to become proficient in the use of it.

"In connection with this room was another room, which I visited next. It was filled with many small machines. The operation of all of these machines at once produces what seemed to me a deafening sound. The instructor explained to me that these were typewriters, used in all lines of business, and operated so that they print rapidly. As the noise was becoming very disturbing to me, I left this room and went to the principal's office. I inquired for the principal, and was told that I could find him somewhere about the grounds of the school.

To reach these I passed through the playground. There were all kinds of apparatus there on which small children were performing in a manner which made my hair stand on end. I wondered if they were trying to make jugglers, trapeze or sleight-of-hand performers of these children.

"By this time I was in the presence of the principal and interviewed him further on the subject of the schools. As it was dinner time we went to lunch together. I must say that the meal that was served was very appetizing; but the dishes that I was forbidden to have looked even more appetizing. By an arrangement they had there, no person was allowed more than one dessert, one sandwich, or one piece of cake. This was supposed to be to safeguard the health of the students; but I found out the real reason. One of the students told me confidentially that if there was anything left after the last lunch hour, one might have as much of anything as he desired.

"After I had eaten my lunch I visited other rooms for the remainder of the day. My first impression was strengthened even more; namely, that these schools are radically different from any I have ever seen."

At the close of Sir Roger's speech there was a profound silence for a time. If the impression I have obtained from his description is correct I believe this system is very superior to our own.

—Helen Haas, '19.

THE FOREST



IN THE deep forest, where murmur many leaves,
That low on boughs or on high
Are tossed alike by swells, sweet summer heaves;
And above is the far spreading sky;

Are trees and hills
And rocks and rills;
Here tree after tree and long winding path
Are holding small creatures,
Small birds and small beasts.
Here, too, are noises unique,
And stillness antique.

The rippling of water, the rustling in nest,
The frequent splash in the stream, the rabbit in rout,—
All unknown to the city is of the deep forest;
Above, to the side, and all about,
Beneath, too, in massive array,
In fullness boughs sway;
And winds blowing strongly, and sweeping onward,
Leave but behind again slight swaying of branches;
Though blown o'er, yet not to stay:
The wind hurls along and itself away.

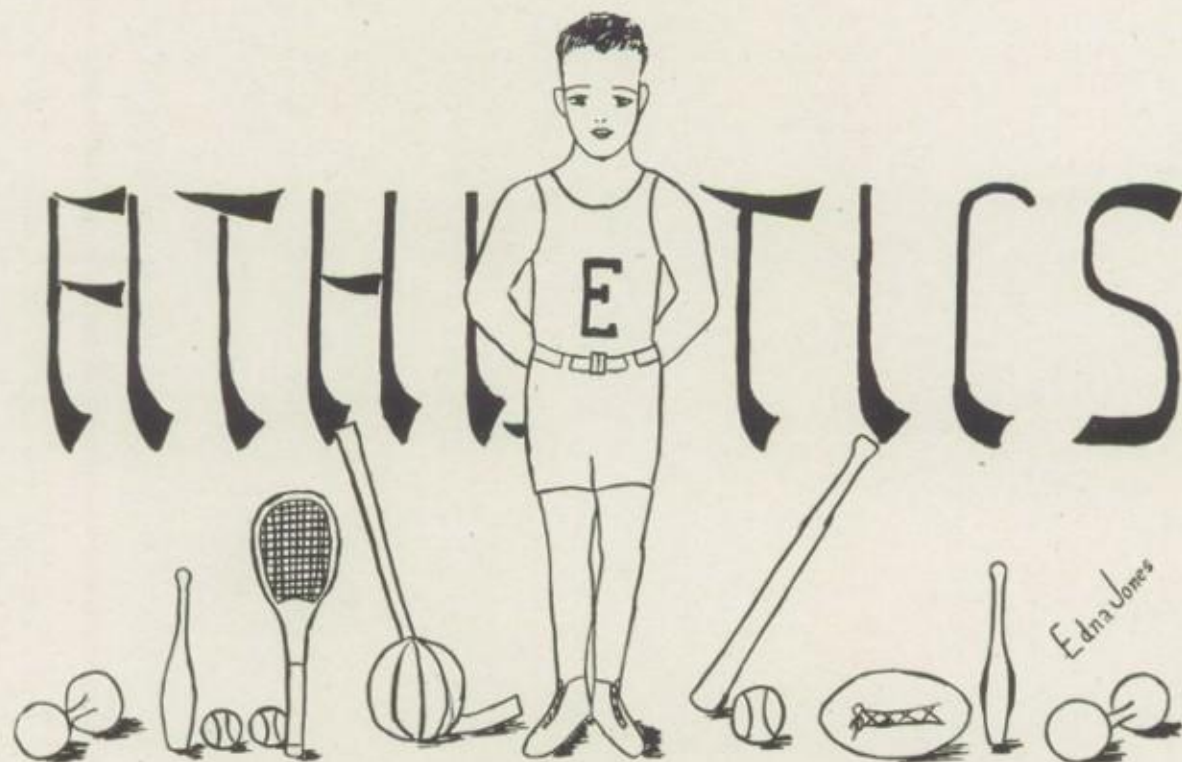
The call of the mate to a strayed one is shrill,
Through forest clear ringing,
E'er returning from hill,
Across brook on its way it is flinging;
And the silent standing mate,
With eager muscles made to wait,

Listens, for his call to be answered,
Listens, and hope takes his doubt,
For from the distance there comes,
Comes back in a cry,
The other's glad heart in reply.

Then comes the stern winter and gone is the eloquent summer;
In snowstorms the forest now stands,
Undisturbed, unspent, and in slumber;
Less, on its banks the water's demands,
Its turnings and dashings soft-sounding;
The cold winds, winter's first workers, quickly rounding,
Have helped paint the leaves with their colors,
Have hastened the flight of turned leaves,
Have announced to the birds the coming,
Have shut in their house a last time the bees,
And now past through leaf-bare trees.

The deepening snow does not stir;
Nestling in warm quarters and snug, contented, and fixed,
The beasts which stay through winter.
The dull day dawns in tints mixed;
Slowly the ice is laying
O'er valiant brook a nascent covering.
The snow falls long and stops;
In unbroken whiteness the whole forest is taken,
Locked in the grip of winter tight frozen
Is the brook, joyous and mumbling, muffled;
Undisturbed with summer's departure,
In the reign of winter the forest will slumber.

—Frank Kelso, '19.





JOHN E. GILROY
Supervisor of Athletics in Gary Schools
Sixty-two

EMERSON CAPTAINS '19

FOOTBALL

TRACK

BASKETBALL



CAPT. HARRIS



CAPT. McARTHUR



CAPT. HARRIS



Sixty-four

FOOTBALL



OOTBALL for the year of 1918 began with a very gloomy outlook, the great team of 1917 being lost by graduation. The team was built around two of last year's veterans, "Beanie" Harris and George Dunleavy.

Practice began with the opening of school; and under the watchful eye of Coach Gilroy, assisted by Coach Braesaemle, a team made up of 1917 second team men, and green material, a team averaging one hundred and forty-one pounds was chosen and ready to uphold the honor of Emerson.

Ineligibility and failure of men to return to school was another hard blow to the hopes of football enthusiasts. "Farmer" Dils, a strapping youngster of about one hundred and sixty, who left school last April to work on a farm as a member of the Boys' Working Reserve, was ruled ineligible on the basis of having left his work unfinished. "Red" Smith, another veteran who left school in the spring of 1918, left a big hole to be filled at quarter at the beginning of the season. Cupid Arvidson of ancient Grecian features failed to make his mark in English; and so Emerson lost the only great athletic representative Miller ever sent to Emerson.

The opening game of the season was with Austin High of Chicago and resulted in defeating her 31-0. Dunleavy, Harris, and Kellstrom shone for Emerson, giving the fanatics hopes of seeing another state championship in Gary. A week later Thorntown, another Chicago team, was defeated by Emerson 20-0. After no scoring in the first half,

an attack led by Capt. Harris and Dunleavy gave Emerson victory. The week following Emerson met East Chicago in its first Indiana game of the season and defeated her 39-0. "Hippo" Sibley "subbing" for Harris, played exceptional ball, scoring two touchdowns by very brilliant field running. Dunleavy at tackle shone as usual. It is rumored he had a very pleasant "confab" with one of the daughters of East Chicago! Edwin Smith, cast at left end, broke up many long-end runs by his low, unerring, hard-hitting tackles. After the East Chicago game a "flu" ban held up Emerson's schedule about three weeks but the boys reported to practice daily at two o'clock. After three weeks of rest the real test of Emerson came. Oak Park champions of Cook County, came to Emerson, out-weighting Emerson twenty pounds to the man but Emerson fought as never before. The work of the line was excellent and the backfield ever alert to stop the long gains of the team of giants. Oak Park scored first near the last part of the first half. Emerson came back the next half, holding them to a standstill when at last on the forty-yard line quarter-back Smith called George back from tackle and after a sensational run placed the oval over the enemy's goal, leaving the score 6-6. The whistle blew for the third quarter and then came the battle of giants. Emerson broke up pass after pass. The Parkers were frantically trying to give them the much sought for victory, but in vain; and the game ended in a tie, giving Emerson the honor of being the only team the Parkers were not successful in trimming during the whole season.

The following Saturday came the annual ancient quarrel with Hammond. Smarting under the defeat of the year previous, the boys were determined to avenge the defeat. The Hammond boys had many Gary followers in thinking Emerson would be defeated, but Emerson would have held them scoreless, had it not been for two "fluke" plays which resulted in a touch-down on a blocked kick, an Emerson player running into it as Dunleavy was punting. The score 6-0 in favor of Hammond roused Emerson's fighting blood to so high a temperature that the boys, determined to stop anything, threw themselves recklessly at the enemy, tackling and carrying the ball with a do-or-die spirit, which resulted in many sensational tackles by the entire line with "Red O'Connor leading the attack with many pretty diving tackles. The work of Capt. Harris and Dunleavy in carrying the ball was phenomenal, resulting in from five to forty yards time and again. This brilliant uphill fight with such a discouraging beginning resulted in a score of 19-6 in favor of Emerson at the close of the first half. The second half again showed many sensational plays which stopped many of Hammond's gains until Cearing, Hammond's fleet quarter-back, took the ball on a "fake" play and carried the ball forty yards for a touch-down. This ended the scoring of the game although a matter of one minute would have resulted in another touch-down for Emerson, leaving the score 19-12 in Emerson's favor and making them champions of northern Indiana.

The following Saturday Proviso High School of Chicago came to Emerson and defeated Emerson 20-19 in the first defeat of the season. The condition of the players was bad. O'Hara played a gritty game although he was

very sick. Dunleavy, like his fellow countryman, played the entire game in a very ailing condition. Edwin Smith suffering from a tendon strained in the game with Hammond, was on the side line, leaving the line very much weakened. Capt. Harris played a great game, scoring all the touchdowns and doing great defensive work as well. A beautiful forward pass of forty yards by Kellstrom was caught by "Romance" Smith, leaving the ball on the forty-yard line, where Harris charged madly through for another touchdown.

A week's rest followed, and the following week a game was played with Kentland for the championship of the state, which ended in a scoreless tie, although Emerson had the better of the pastime near the end. Capt. Harris again played a wonderful offensive and defensive game, besides striking up an acquaintance with a demure little country lass in a wild scene in the town postoffice.

Another week's rest and a game with Morocco was scheduled, which Emerson took via autos. On crossing the Kankakee river, "Von Dinger" Hubinger implored the boys to have the auto stopped, as he wanted to see Daniel Boone's cabin and pay him a short call, but after much debating and arguing, "Von Dinger" was finally convinced that Daniel Boone was dead and never lived in this locality. "Ignorance is bliss." Emerson met Morocco with the confidence of beating them by a big score, but much to their surprise, the tables were turned by some flukes and hard diving football, which resulted in Emerson's losing 27-14 and also losing claim to the state championship.

With the defeat at the hands of Morocco the fanatics soon began speaking of a team of champions of 1919. The

teams will leave seven regular E. men, losing the services of Capt. Harris, O'Hara, Kellstrom, and "Romance" Smith, and leaving big gaps to fill for the coming year.

Dunleavy was elected captain for 1919 and, after having a great year this season, should leave a record long to be remembered in athletics of Emerson. O'Connor and Smith, fellow classmen of the son of Erin, are also in line for a great year. Rappeport and Judson, members of the same class, and on the squad of this year, look to be blossoming into seasoned players. T. Johnson and "Bone" Stimson, of the same class, second team men, are also likely to be heard from. Next come the Sophs, who had many promising players in the team of this year, such as Quinlan, A. Wood, W. Wood, "Hippo" Sibley, and F. Sibley. The Freshmen gave two sturdy players in Slosson and Hubinger. "Hook" Feuer of the second squad played consistent ball all thru the season, regardless of his size, and should be a star before he bids good-bye to Emerson.

SQUAD

R. O'Connor.....	L. E.
A. Wood.....	L. T.
E. Hubinger.....	L. G.
A. O'Hara.....	C.
W. Slosson.....	R. G.
E. Smith.....	R. T.

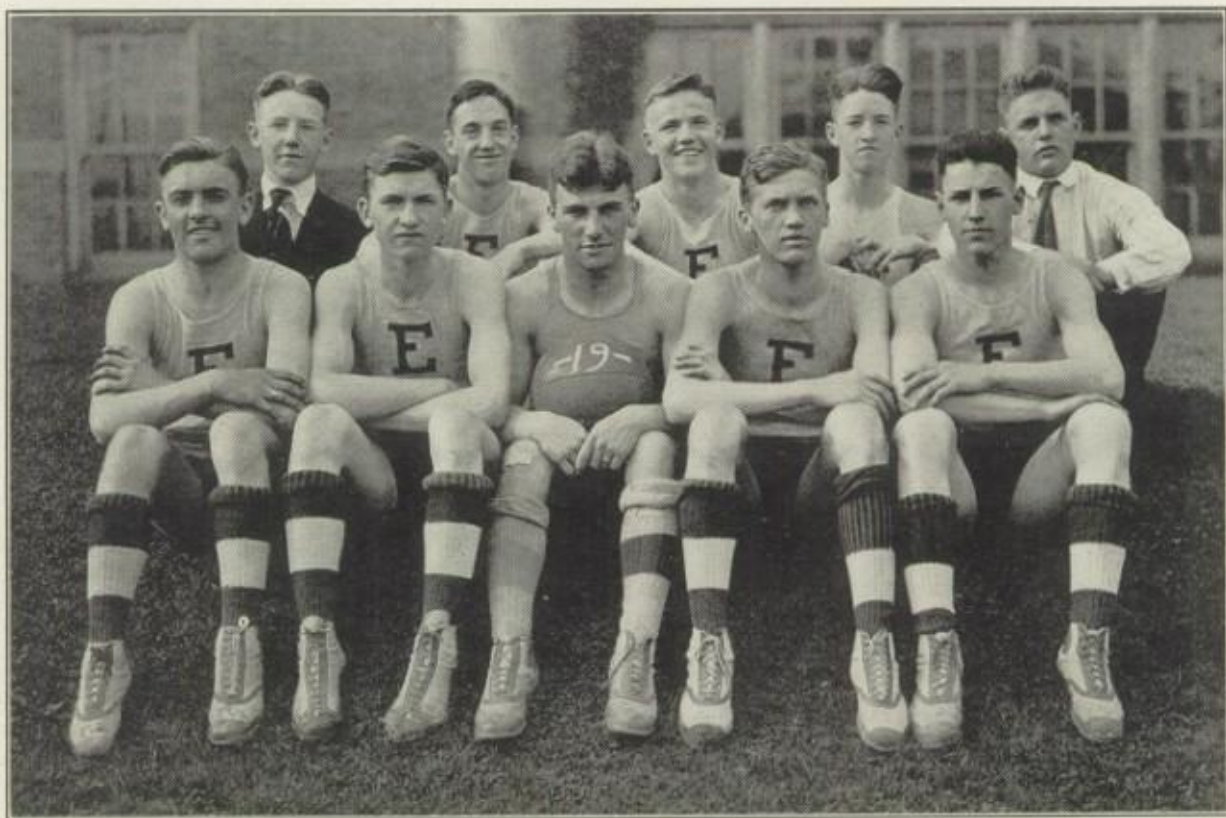
H. Smith.....	R. E.
F. Quinlan.....	Q. B.
H. Harris, Capt.....	L. H. B.
F. Kellstrom.....	F. B.
G. Dunleavy.....	R. H. B. and L. T.
N. Arvidson.....	
S. Judson.....	
L. Rappeport.....	
R. Sibley.....	
C. Johnson.....	

Emerson vs. Austin	31— 0
Emerson vs. Thorntown	20— 0
Emerson vs. East Chicago	39— 0
Emerson vs. Oak Park	6— 6
Emerson vs. Hammond	19—12
Emerson vs. Proviso	19—20
Emerson vs. Kentland	0— 0
Emerson vs. Morocco	14—27
	<hr/>
	148—65

POINTS SCORED

Touchdowns:—Harris, 10; Dunleavy, 6; Sibley, 2; Kellstrom, 2; Johnson, H. Smith, F. Quinlan.

Goals After Touchdown:—Kellstrom, 9; Harris.



BASKETBALL OF 1919



THE OPENING GAME was played with Valparaiso, the big Indiana game of the year. "Valpo" every year is a big obstacle for Emerson to overcome, and this year, more than ever, they were determined to win. The Emerson boys, somewhat nervous from that fact, knowing they were green material and had the task of overcoming a team of one and two years' experience of playing on a high school team, had reason to be in a nervous state, as it really was to make or break the team of 1919.

The game from the first was hotly contested. Each determined to win, and the score held the spectators ever on the edge. As "Valpo" would score a basket, Emerson would quickly respond and equal the score. The game swayed back and forth this way until near the close of the game, when several perfect baskets were thrown by Dunleavy from the center of the floor. The game ended in a score of 20—16, but the winning was not the only thing it gave to Emerson; the best it gave to Emerson was confidence in the following games. Dunleavy and Hubinger played very good ball all thru the session, Dunleavy caging most of the baskets and Hubinger doing great defensive work.

The following week Lane Tech of Chicago was played without the services of Capt. Harris, star forward, and Hubinger suffering from injuries received in the "Valpo" game. Handicapped by the loss of these two men, Emerson fought valiantly but to no avail, the score ending in Lane's

favor 16—13. The games of the following weeks were not important, and Emerson had no trouble in winning each one, with the possible exception of Rochester, which was contested without Dunleavy in the line-up. In a very interesting game, which held the audience at all stages, Emerson vanquished the foe by a score of 21—17. Hammond was defeated with much ease, baskets being scored at will. Sibley, forward, played stellar ball, and the presence of Dunleavy in the line-up helped to improve the work of the team.

"Valpo" arrived a week later to avenge the defeat they suffered earlier in the season. Their hopes were justified in a way. The game previous was played minus the services of Sawyer, large and experienced guard. Emerson, on the other hand, had acquired the services of "Hippo" Sibley since the last meeting. The game opened, as do all games where the teams are evenly matched, holding the supporters of each team in suspense until the scoring began. The suspense on this occasion was great. The ball surged back and forth between the two teams for nearly five minutes without any scoring, when at last Capt. Harris set the crowd wild with a basket, which was responded to soon after by a basket by "Valpo", another and still another giving "Valpo" the lead 6—2. Emerson came back strong, and at the close of the first half the score stood just about even. The second half, like the first, surged back and forth, keeping even, until Wood, running guard, surprised the crowd at this crucial time and loomed up as a dark horse, making three baskets in rapid succession. This

drew the defense on Wood, leaving the forwards who had been closely guarded by the foe loose, which resulted in Capt. Harris's almost showering baskets in. When the final whistle proclaimed the game to a finish, the score stood 32—16 in favor of Emerson.

The games following were both with Whiting. Both games were taken with considerable ease. The first game was held at Whiting, and outside of giving the team a little signal and basket practice the team did very little more. The score was 51—23. Capt. Harris gave the foes a real chance to see himself in real action. Whiting, in an effort to try to stop him, had two men who were instructed to do nothing but watch "Beanie." Even with this unequal chance Harris threw in eleven baskets, a feat few can equal.

Emerson next ventured from the hunting grounds of northern Indiana and sought new rewards in central Indiana, to meet Rochester, a team they had defeated a few weeks previous. The boys were handicapped by the gymnastic equipment of Rochester, which outside of a small floor, low ceiling, and shaky baskets, was fine. Emerson lost by a score of 31—18.

East Chicago held the interest of the fans for the two following weeks, at home and at East Chicago. Dunleavy and Harris played some of the finest basketball seen in a long time, and the games resulted in defeating East Chicago, 44—36. The week following the tables were turned at East Chicago. The boys were not confident of defeating her, being without the services of Quinlan, Wood, and Sibley. With the loss of these three the team play was sorely broken up. Capt. Harris also seemed to have lost his eye

for baskets, and the brunt of the shooting was held up by Dunleavy. The score ended with a score of 34—26, in East Chicago's favor.

A trip to Lake Forest was the next venture, and several of the boys were reprimanded for chewing gum, which is against the rules of the Academy. Renner Stimson, especially, when asking a professor a question while chewing gum, received the answer: "Spit out your gum, son, and move on." The game opened with a basket by Emerson, and the baskets seemed to alternate between the two teams, but the more accurate shooting of Emerson finally won the game by a narrow margin of two points, 22—20.

The sectional tournament of 1919 was held at the Y. M. C. A., March seventh and eighth, with sixteen teams competing for the championship of the section, to send the champions to the state tournament, to be played on the Purdue University floor. The choice of the section was three-sided, each with an equal number of supporters, the teams being Emerson, Valpo, and East Chicago. Enthusiasm ran high, especially in the East Chicago and "Valpo" game. These two strong teams, each confident of beating the other, as they had never met before during the season, made it about an even choice. "Valpo" was finally crushed by superior team play of the red and white.

Emerson's opening game was with Monterey, a small hamlet in the southern part of the section. While the team showed a fine spirit, they lacked the polish of finished players, probably owing to the lack of coaches and proper gymnastic equipment. The game ended in a score which could be termed a slaughter, 49—5. On the afternoon of the same day, Emerson played Rensselaer, and they also proved

to be players of inferior type, and this game, as the morning game, ended in a very decisive score, 44—15. The next game, the following afternoon, was played with Whiting, which was a game without interest from the standpoint of the spectator. Emerson passed the ball in a playful manner, and tossed baskets with such zest that their opponents seemed awkward and stupid, causing much mirth in the audience, the score ending 27—6 in Emerson's favor.

The final game to be played to decide the championship was played with East Chicago, confident of repeating the defeat they had dealt Emerson a week before. Emerson, on the other hand, was reinforced by Wood and Quinlan, two men they lacked in the game previous. The game remained about even until Harris, who had seemed to have lost his eye in the two games previous to the tournament, awoke from the dead into the living again, caging baskets from all angles of the floor, one in particular three-quarters of the distance (of the floor), which seemed to slow up East Chicago to such an extent that the rest of the Emerson crew began to find the basket. The score ended 30—15 in Emerson's favor, the section's champions to defend its honor in the state tournament.

The boys were sent off with a very enthusiastic crowd of Emerson (girls) "boosters", who accompanied the team to Hammond, where the train was to be hailed to transport them to the front row trenches to do battle with the warriors of the different sections of the state. The girls prepared a lunch which was prodigious in size. In fact, they put in a few things prohibited for athletes to eat before a fray of so much importance, where the best physical condition is required to win. "Percy" Wood came in contact

with it somehow before the authorities who prohibited its eating discovered it. The authorities began a search for the culprit, but could discover no one who would confess to its loss, but suspicions were soon cast on "Percy" Wood, as he was taken violently sick a few miles outside of Lafayette, much to the delight of the rest of the squad who resisted temptation, their only regret being that "Percy" ate their share, too. The only other ailing athlete was "Shrimp" Quinlan, forward the biggest part of the season, who turned his ankle in the sectional tourney and who had not recovered in time for him to see action in the state. Thus Emerson lost another gritty player thru misfortune. The boys and passengers were doubly entertained by the melodious voices of several members of the Emerson Discord Club. The other attraction was the beautiful four-in-hand tie Capt. Harris was sporting with the vanity of a peacock.

On arriving at Lafayette the boys were met by the "frat" men of the Lambda Chi Alpha, with whom they were to stay during the period they were to remain in Lafayette. The "frat" had several musical instruments, which were promptly tried out by the squad, and towards the closing days of their short stay most of the boys could play the Victrola, while "Shrimp" Quinlan and "Kelly Make Believe" seemed to have mastered the art of successful drumming, much to the agony of the remaining squad. A "Frat" man, seeing everyone trying to play, asked whether the squad had a good singer. Almost before he had finished his question, Eddie Wilson, who accompanied the team as cheer leader, spoke up, saying that he possessed a good voice. This led to a general uproar, in which Mr.

Wilson was forced to make his exit. The boys all enjoyed a good night's sleep except "Percy" Wood, who seemed either to have had homesickness or to be suffering from his greediness on the train earlier in the day, and persisted in keeping his arms around his bed partner and in a weird and uncanny manner calling out "Mamma, Mamma."

The opening game was played against Kendallville, which was a very easy game, led by Harris and Dunleavy, each throwing seven baskets apiece, making the largest score of the tournament, 33—13.

The next game was played against Lafayette, in which Emerson seemed to have lost itself the first half, scoring but two points, while Lafayette scored ten points. The second half opened by the greatest comeback ever seen by followers of state athletics. Emerson not only overcame the big disadvantage of the opening half but also took the lead before their onslaught was stopped. The game remained about even until the last few minutes when Jefferson cast a foul, soon followed by a basket, which the umpire, Mowe, refused to call outside. The ruling was stated before the game to be called out. This unfair ruling so near the end gave the Jeffersons the advantage and proved too big for Emerson to overcome, thereby losing by three points, 21—18, "handed on a platter, by head-waiter, Mowe." Emerson took the defeat in a sportsmanlike way. Although not feeling that a fair deal had been given them, they displaced gloom by merry-making jokes. One in particular kept the boys accusing each other and was cleared only on return to Gary, when Coach Brasaemle, to relieve the boys' minds of the mystery of who put the cracker

crumbs in each bed, in order to have their full thought on their studies, openly confessed himself to be the culprit.

This ended the Emerson basketball season of 1919, which on the whole was a very successful season, considering the obstacles which had to be at first cleared, principally the green material, injuries, and ineligibility of the squad. Capt. Harris deserves a good share of the credit of the past successful season. His playing on several occasions proved that he was not only one of the best Emerson ever had but also of equal calibre with any player in the state. Capt. Harris's basketball days for Emerson are over, but his wonderful playing in the past four years of his high school career should and will be remembered by all Emersonians. With the passing of "Beanie" also goes the last of the famous duo, "Baldy" and "Beanie". Kellstrom also played his last year, and at back guard his playing was always of an excellent standard, especially on the defensive. "Blonde" O'Hara, utility man of the squad, also gave his last year as an athletic representative of Emerson. Dunleavy, Quinlan, Wood, R. Sibley, and Smith are the veterans spared for next season, with a goodly stock of second team material—Stimson, Rappeport, T. Johnson, F. Sibley and Bowers. Freise, a Senior, played with the second squad, and as a player no one in the vicinity of miles around can compete with him at his weight.

SCORES OF THE SEASON

Emerson	20 vs. "Valpo"	16
Emerson	13 vs. Lane	16
Emerson	21 vs. Rochester	17
Emerson	39 vs. Hammond	10

Emerson 32 vs. "Valpo" 16
 Emerson 47 vs. Whiting 23
 Emerson 51 vs. Whiting 23
 Emerson 18 vs. Rochester 31
 Emerson 44 vs. East Chicago 36

Emerson 26 vs. East Chicago 34
 Emerson 22 vs. Lake Forest 20
 Emerson 49 vs. Monterey 5
 Emerson 44 vs. Rensselaer 15
 Emerson 27 vs. Whiting 6

Emerson 30 vs. East Chicago 15
 Emerson 33 vs. Kendallville 13
 Emerson 18 vs. Lafayette 21

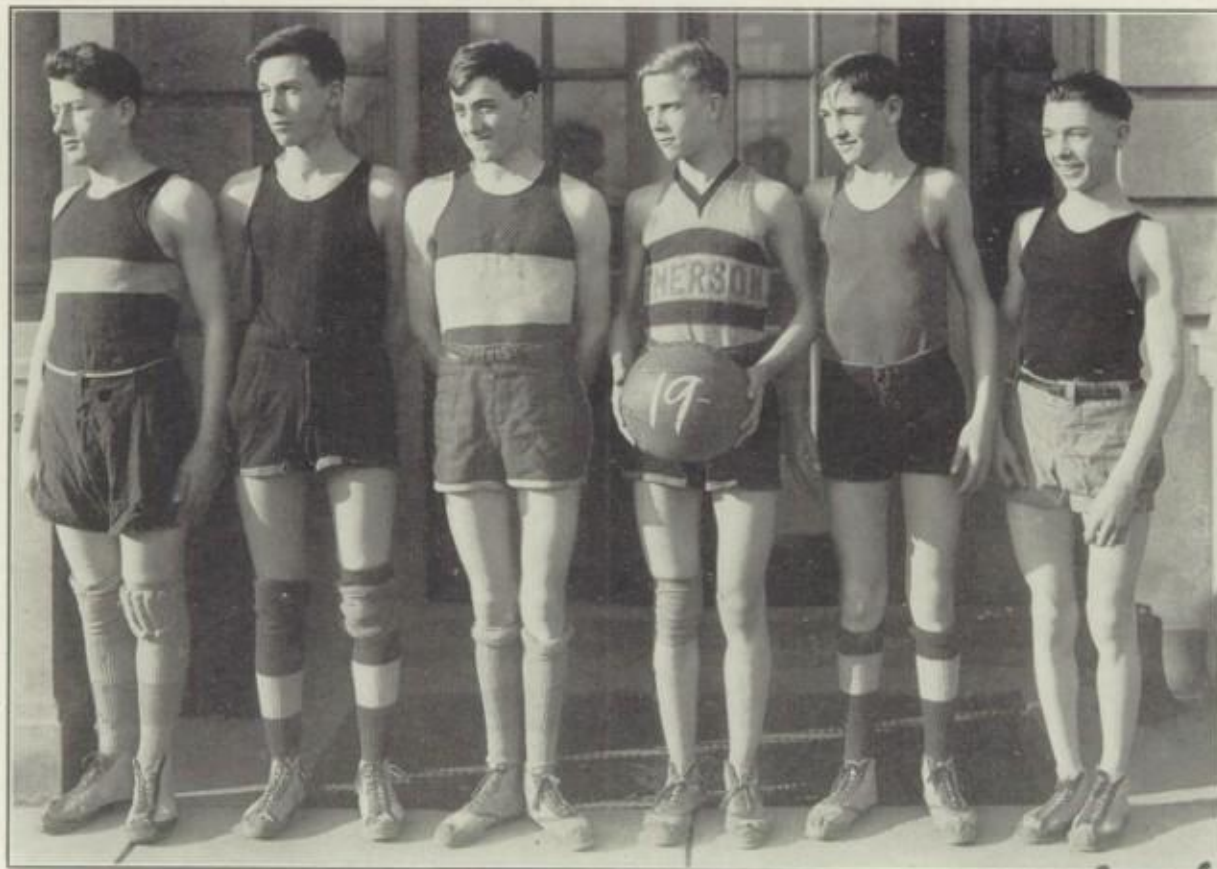
 Emerson 534 Opponents 317

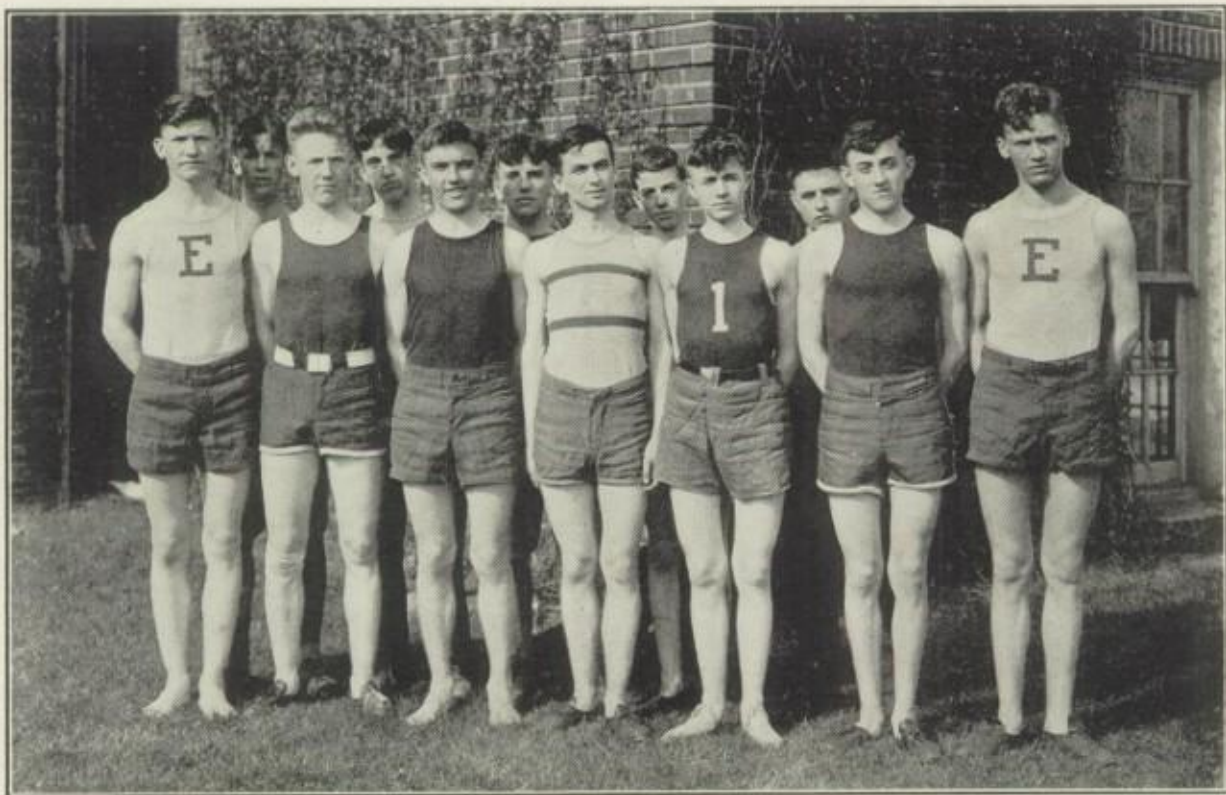
SQUAD

Capt. Harris R. F.
 Quinlan L. F.
 Sibley L. F.

Dunleavy C.
 Kellstrom L. G.
 Wood R. G.

Smith Utility
 O'Hara "
 Dils "
 Hubinger G.





Seventy-four

1919 TRACK



THE TRACK season of 1919 was opened with a cross-country run of three and two-fifths miles. The event was won by "Bone" Stimson with a field of twenty-two contestants competing against him. Young "Artie" Gerdes, a freshman of a scant ninety pounds, proved to be the sensation of the day, leading the course almost to the finish, where he was overtaken by the veteran, Stimson. The winner's time was eighteen minutes and forty seconds. A gold medal was given to the winner, while the next ten who finished received silver medals.

THE WINNERS OF THE MEDALS AND HOW THEY FINISHED.

1. Stimson
2. Gerdes
3. Rearick
4. Kellstrom
5. Kelso
6. Bowman
7. O'Connor
8. Wood
9. Dunleavy
10. Briggs
11. McArthur

The second track event was the annual inter-class meet, which was a nip and tuck race between the Juniors and Seniors for first place, which was not decided until the last event, which was the pole vault. The Seniors, unable

to develop a pole vaulter of a standard to compete with the classes beneath them, lost the meet by a scant third of a point, the score 48 2-3 Seniors to 49 Juniors.

Dunleavy, captain of the Juniors, was responsible for the close finish, as he accumulated almost half the points for his class. Dunleavy took four firsts and a second place, making a total of twenty-three points. Harris, of the Seniors, was the next of the high point getters with a total of eighteen points. McArthur, also a Senior, was third, massing up a total of thirteen points.

The following Saturday, a dual meet with Hammond was arranged. The weather man threatened the event during the entire fore-morning until almost time to begin by a steady down-pour of rain. The meet was won by Hammond, leading Emerson ten points when the meet closed. As a newspaper reporter stated, "Too much Cearing and not enough Dunleavy". Cearing, of Hammond, was the heavy point collector, while Dunleavy, Emerson's weight man and hurdler, was ruled ineligible.

With Dunleavy still ineligible the Lake County Meet of the following Saturday was contested without his services. The meet proved to be very close between three schools, Hammond, Crown Point, and Emerson, the meet being decided by the broad jump, the last event. The last event could have resulted in all three schools being tied if Crown Point had taken first, Emerson second, and Hammond third, but Cearing, who had taken part in so many events during the day, came back and won second place, giving Hammond the meet with a total of twenty-nine,

Crown Point second with twenty-seven, and Emerson third with twenty-five.

Next Saturday the Emerson team journeyed to South Bend, not expecting very much; but surprised everyone by coming within three points of winning the meet. Harris was the heavy point winner by capturing first in the shot-put with a heave over forty feet, and second in the broad jump. Capt. McArthur ran a pretty race in the quarter and won first place. "Kelly" came in second in the half-mile. These three fellows won seventeen points for us. Elkhart was first with twenty, and Plymouth and Crown Point tied for second with eighteen. The Emerson relay team won by fifty yards. For their work the team received between two and three cents' worth of ribbon.

The following Saturday Harris and the relay team traveled to Richmond for the state meet, but they were unable to get anything but third in the relay. On a very slow track the Crawfordsville team won a wonderful race and broke the record. The Emerson team came close to the old record.

TRACK SQUAD

D. MacArthur, Captain

R. O'Connor	H. Harris	R. Stimson
G. Rearick	R. Sibley	A. O'Hara
E. Smith	F. Kellstrom	C. Johnson

1919 BASEBALL

BASEBALL, as in years before, is to open with an inter-class baseball league, consisting of the four high school classes. The Juniors, the last year's champions, appear strong this year, having practically the same team as last year. The Seniors appear to have the greenest material, while the Sophomores and Freshies appear to be able to give the upper-classmen a tussle.

The opening game was played between the Freshies and Sophies with Dils on the mound for the Sophs and Jones for the Freshies. The game progressed in big-league style for two innings, when the Sophs went after Jones's delivery and drove him from the hill. Mills was rushed to the rescue and stopped the Sophs in their tracks, but the score was 7—2 in favor of the Sophs. The Freshies collected enough runs to tie it up by the seventh, when the Freshies' heavy artillery smote the "pill" into all corners of the lots, accumulating eleven runs before their barricade was finally stopped, making the score 18—7 in favor of the Freshies and giving them the game.

The next game was between the Seniors and Juniors. It proved to be a very interesting game, which the Seniors took 5—3. The pitcher of the Seniors was hit freely, but the unerring fielding of his colleagues stopped their scoring time and again. "Judio" Strom, doughty right fielder, was the hero of the occasion. With the score 3—3 and two men on he smote the "pill" a mighty blow and drove home the winning runs.

The Juniors, smarting with the defeat of the day before, resolved to smother the lowly Freshies in revenge for the defeat, but alas! tables were turned. Jones in left field kicked the bucket with his toe and with a fancy dive known to swimmers as a swan dive, he dove, and with an unforeseen blessing the ball stuck, which resulted in the Juniors' defeat 6—3.

The never-defeated Freshies and the unconquered Seniors met the following day to decide first place. The Freshies' star twirler, Mills, opened the pastime and held the Seniors down for three innings. The fourth inning started with the Seniors going right after Mills and spanking his offerings for the seven runs, whereupon he was spanked in favor of the volatile "Mastah Jones," who seemed to have stopped the onslaught until the seventh inning, when the Seniors' artillery opened fire, pounding his offerings for a total of thirteen runs. Harris, the Seniors' "Hamball" expert, a new mystery curve of his own discovery, pitched superb ball, allowing the Freshies a lone hit during the entire game.

The following day another interesting fight took place to decide which team should occupy the cellar. The game was almost as interesting as the game on the previous day for first place. The Juniors were resolved to keep out of the cellar, while the Sophs were equally resolved. The mighty Dils trained to the minute, and victory seemed also certain for the Sophomores; but, on the other hand, equally resolved to win was the captain of the Juniors, "Carnival"

Dunleavy, who kept "Nigger" Smith's arm constantly under his care to make victory certain. When the game opened, each team made a score, to which another score was added by the Juniors in the following inning, making the score 2—1 in favor of the Juniors. In the third inning Dils seemed to weaken, and the Juniors accumulated three more runs on him, while Smith also was threatened but saved himself by several phenomenal stops. The seventh inning resulted in two more scores for each team, making the score total 7—3 in favor of the Juniors.

The inter-class baseball league will make another round, beginning Monday, May 20th. The high school baseball team is being organized, but as yet has played no games. The first game will be played against Lake View, a Chicago high school team, Wednesday, May 14th.

The following squad is to make up the team against the Lake Views:

- H. Harris, shortstop.
- F. Kellstrom, second base.
- R. Sibley, first base.
- C. Johnson, third base.
- E. Smith, pitcher.
- W. Slosson, catcher.
- R. Freise, fielder.
- E. Combs, fielder.
- R. Stimson, fielder.
- A. O'Hara, fielder.
- R. Beattie, utility man.



BASEBALL SQUAD

Seventy-eight

MYSTERIES OF THE STATE TOURNAMENT

SOLVED BY "SLEWFOOT"



ALTHOUGH "Percy" Wood was accused of devouring his share of the "eats" and also the others' share, which were given to the team as it left for the State, "Slewfoot" tells us that he never had a chance until the "little four" Brasaemle, Dunleavy, Harris, and O'Hara, had done their durndest—then he succeeded in picking up a crumb and the remains of an apple. This overeating was the cause of his being sick.

One night some water mysteriously got in Coach Brasaemle's bed. If "Two Cup" Rappeport had been there he would have been blamed. But he was residing in Gary, Indiana, at that moment and therefore he was blameless. "Slewfoot" is still working on a clew which he thinks will clear up the water mystery.

The next night after the water mystery, it was thought that Coach Brasaemle, in a playful mood, filled the beds with cracker crumbs. But Slewfoot reports that the real culprits were the "Flea-Hound", Ed Smith, and his boy chum, 1-2-3 O'Hara, better known to the public as Arthur O'Hara.

Slewfoot also solved the mystery of the disappearing bread. He tells us that after a plate of bread had been set down, the bread suddenly deserted it. Suspicions were instantly upon E. Dils, the little tall boy, and little George, his bed-mate, but it was plain to be seen that they were innocent because they sat at another table. It can't be "Beany", "Dutch," "Shrimp", or Tonic" thought Slewfoot, "because they haven't got a boarding-house reach."

It couldn't be 1-2-3 O'Hara, because he had been sent away from the table for repeating Mayor Hodges' telegram, nor could it be Johnson, Wilson, Street, Pycha, O'Connor, or McArthur, because they were down town in a "two-bit beanery". "Kelly-Make-Believe" and the "Flea-Hound" remained. When they were searched, only three platefuls were found in their pockets. Slewfoot's heart ached to think that two such womanly—I mean manly—boys should stoop so low as to try to eat three platefuls of bread in one meal.

Slewfoot also tells us that "Break-Their-Back" Gilroy was forced to sleep with "Tonic" Wood the first night. "Break-Their-Back" therefore passed a very restful night sleeping half on the bed and half on imagination.





SENIOR PARTIES



TO CELEBRATE the Hammond victory, the Senior class entertained the first and second basketball teams at a taffy-pull and informal dancing party, Saturday evening, January nineteenth. A cake-walk and prize waltz were features of the evening, Mildred Feuer and Alvin Wood receiving first honors in the first, and Stella Copeland and Adrian Feuer in the latter. Doughnuts and cider were served to the guests in the girls' gymnasium. Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Spaulding and Mr. and Mrs. Tribble chaperoned the party. The committee in charge of the arrangements consisted of Ruth Wolf, Lois Hutchins, Florence Bernstein, Carl Johnson, and Eva Sprowls.

Twenty-five couples attended the High School and Alumni dance given in the girls' gymnasium, Saturday evening, February 1. The affair was under the supervision of Coach Brasaemle. Excellent music was furnished by the Symphony Jazz Orchestra, composed of High School and Alumni students. The Misses Kinnard, Stimson, Sherer, and Mr. Shirley chaperoned the party.

Miss Alegra Nesbit entertained a number of her classmates at an informal dancing party, at her home, on December 27th. The guests were Lois Hutchins, Berneil Davis, Jessie Klinedorf, Katherine Potee, Eva Sprowls, Eugene Dils, Alvin Wood, Robert O'Connor, Sherwood Judson, and his holiday guests, Robert Sayre and David Butler, of Elgin, Illinois.

Miss Lillian Brownfield, teacher of English, entertained at a dinner party, Friday evening, February 21st, at Rothschild's restaurant, in honor of George Washington's birthday. Her guests were the Senior girls of the Senior English class and Miss Keziah Stright.

FACULTY DANCE

The High School and Alumni students were entertained at a dance and "Watch" party on New Year's eve by the Faculty. Jessie Bowen and Rundell Wood, both graduates of the 1918 class, led the grand march which opened the dancing. The gymnasium was artistically decorated with the season's colors. Dainty refreshments were served in the lunch-room, after which Captain and Mrs. Paul Hake led the final grand march as the New Year was ushered in.

The dances given each year by the Faculty are anticipated pleasurably by all the students, but this one will be remembered as one of the most enjoyable.

The W. W. W. Club, composed of five Senior girls, Lois Hutchins, Berneil D. Davis, Mildred Freeburg, Jessie Klinedorf, and Eva Sprowls, entertained the members of the basketball team and their friends at a dinner party at the home of Jessie Klinedorf, Saturday evening, March 29th, at 6:30 o'clock.

Covers were laid for the twenty guests at two large tables, decorated with gold and gray. Shortly afterwards Miss Alegra Nesbit entertained the same guests at an informal dancing party at her home, 444 Jackson street.

The guests were: Berneil Davis, Sylvia Tittle, Lois Hutchins, Virginia Chase, Alef Blake, Mildred Freeburg, May Uhl, Jessie Klinedorf, Eva Sprowls, Harold Harris, George Dunleavy, Arthur O'Hara, Frank Quinlan, Eugene Dils, Floyd Kellstrom, Ross Sibley, Alvin Wood, and Robert O'Connor.

On January 18, 1919, a very *quiet* crowd of Gladys Hancock's friends assembled at her home, 745 Van Buren street, to spend a *quiet* evening. They found the house ablaze with red crepe paper and the furniture cleared away, which led them to believe that the evening was to be spent in dancing. Later in the evening the long-looked-for refreshments were served. In the course of events, at any party, there is always the evening scandal, and in this particular case it took form in a series of extremely odd, not to say uncanny, incidents. It seems that a fresh young Junior escorted a haughty alumnus to the party—but here is where the plot thickens. All of a sudden, in the middle of the umpty-tumpth dance, the lights went off and strange sounds were heard! Of course, I do not wish to hint or suggest—you may draw your own conclusions. If, however, you cannot guess you might refer to one of the guests—might I suggest George Dunleavy? Among the guests were Sylvia Tittle, George Dunleavy, Marcella McCormick, Edward Wilson, Dorothy MacLouth, Frank Quinlan, Mar-

garet Wood, Morris Blumenthal, Helen Hauprich, Harold Harris, Grace MacNeill, Raymond MacDonald, Gladys Hancock, and Sherwood Judson.

Miss Ruby Scott was pleasantly surprised by a number of her friends on the evening of her birthday, March 28th. A delicious dinner was served the guests by Mrs. Scott at six o'clock. The remainder of the evening was spent in games and music. The guests were: May Uhl, Elina Salmi, Grace Phillips, May Donnelly, Gertrude Sproul, Eva Debinsky, Madge Forsch, and Miss M. Knickerbocker.

JUNIOR BEACH PARTY

Having failed to find the Seniors at the annual "hunt", the Junior class were compelled to entertain the Seniors at a beach party at Miller, Monday evening, May 5th. The Seniors were taken to the beach in automobiles and by the Miller bus. "Wienies", buns, and doughnuts were served the guests on the beach. Coach Brasaemle chaperoned the party.

THE SENIOR FAREWELL DANCE

The Senior class has chosen June 13th as the date of their farewell dance. The dance will be given in the girl's gymnasium, which is to be decorated with the class colors, maroon and white. The class President and ———?—— will lead the grand march. The committee in charge of the preparations promises to have some good music, which will probably be from Chicago. The committee consists of Bessy Friedman, May Uhl, Carl Johnson, and Eva Sprowls.

THE JUNIOR-SENIOR HUNT



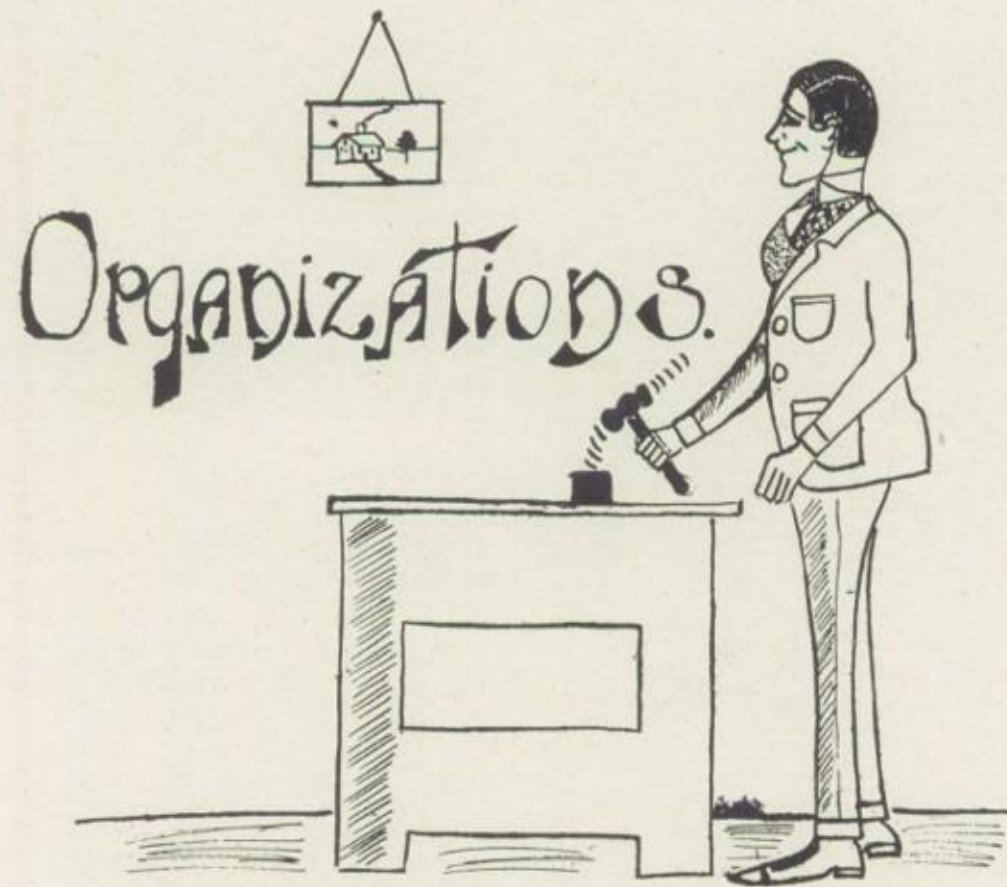
HE Juniors and Seniors held their annual hunt Tuesday, April 22. At exactly 1:15 of that day "Art" O'Hara, the Senior President, stepped into Room 208 and walked straight to the President of the Junior class. He handed him a piece of yellow paper folded in a very businesslike way. By the color of George's face and the look of surprise on it, the class knew at once that something dreadful was about to happen. He jumped up, bolted out of the room, and walked straight to the study desks in the hall. Here a few Juniors happened to be studying. George read them the contents of the letter, which was the long-looked-for notice and the rules of the hunt. The notice was then pinned on the bulletin board, which at once became a center of attraction. This gave the majority of the Seniors a good chance to escape. By 3:15 they had all managed to get away except Frank K. The Juniors kidnapped him and took him near Black Peak, where they tied him to a tree.

In the meantime five machines of Seniors had been taken to a large farm on Cline avenue, about midway between Hammond and Gary. It was here that the Seniors were to hide. By five o'clock they were nearly starved, having played "Run, Sheep, Run," "Drop the Handkerchief," and all the other games they could possibly think of. At last Donald M. and Arthur O. were sent back to Gary to beg, borrow, or steal anything to eat. They were fortunate

enough to get a large box of sandwiches made by Mrs. McArthur, which lasted only a few moments with the hungry Seniors.

About 7:30 it began to grow dusk and cold. As every car passed, the Seniors at once grew very quiet. One by one the "wienies" began to disappear. Then followed a number of what almost turned out to be hair-pulls between the ones who wished to save the "eats" until the Juniors could arrive and those who were too hungry to wait. The time limit was 9:30. In case the Juniors had not found the Seniors at that time, the Seniors were to call the Junior headquarters and notify them of their hiding place. By 9:20 the machine was ready to start to break the news to the Juniors, and those remaining ten minutes seemed hours to the tired and hungry Seniors. At last it was 9:30, and for the second time in the history of the school, the Juniors had failed to find the Seniors.

By the time the lower classmen arrived a huge bonfire and "eats galore" were waiting for them. After everyone had had as many "hot dogs" as they could possibly eat, they all came back to Gary, the Juniors eager for next year that they may have a chance to redeem themselves, and the Seniors anxious for the beach party, which the Juniors are required to give since they failed to find the Seniors.





ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION



THE Athletic Association has had its hands full this year because of the Sectional Tournament's being held in Gary. The members of the Association are: Harold Harris, Berneil Davis, Edwin Smith, Marjory Hall, Julia Childs, Marian Gale, Ward Hile, and Sam Honoroff. Of course there was a lot of work connected with having the Sectional Tournament held here, but there was also some money in

it. After all the receipts from the tournament were counted they amounted to \$1,170.91. The expenses did not amount to more than half of that, so a neat sum was cleared. The Association has also been very good in attending to the business side of all the local games. Now at the end of the year they find that they are about four hundred dollars to the good. This sum has been deposited in the savings department.



MECHANICAL DRAWING DEPARTMENT

BEHOLD the department which has grown! In fact it has grown too small—I mean the room has grown too small to accommodate all the students who wish to take the Mechanical Drawing course. Altho a great many students applied for entrance last September, none of them were turned away, but at the beginning of the second semester so many applied that Mr. Yeager found it necessary to

form a waiting list. Only a limited number of students can take this work because of the lack of desks and boards.

A new feature of the Mechanical Drawing department is the giving of "E's". This is the only department besides the athletic department which does this thing. The "E's" are awarded for two years' work with an average above 95%. Just watch this department and see it grow.

—H. E. '19.





BOOKKEEPING AND TYPEWRITING DEPARTMENTS

JOHN A. WHITE and MILDRED TRIBBLE,
Instructors

Eighty-nine



EMERSON CHORUS

Ninety

THE ORATORICAL CONTEST



HERE'S a question for the psychologists—How can we prevent that queer feeling in our stomachs about the time of the oratorical contest?

Since we had a regular class this year, instead of a Bolsheviki mob, as we had last year, we accomplished some real work. Of course the whole Expression class fell in line for the first contest, and say, but we earned our one hundred percents! The boys' contest was held Friday. The girls all looked "too sweet for words" while the boys were perfect "dreams"—all except their collars. They looked like—ask Miss Lynch. The lucky girls or the unlucky ones, depending on whether you were placed or not, were Lois Hutchins, Hazel Erlandson, Florence Bernstein, Eva Sprowls, Ruth Wolf, and Alegra Nesbit. The boys who received honorable mention were Edwin Smith, Frank Kendrick, Donald McArthur, and Arthur O'Hara. Most of the honorable mention came from Miss Lynch in the sessions, lasting from 4:15 to 7:30.

It's the queerest thing to us—how Lois Hutchins can be so determined that she is an "incredible fool" when she won second place in the finals, thus having the honor of representing Emerson in the Lake County Contest. Alegra Nesbit, as usual, won first place and should really have represented us at the Northern Indiana Contest, but due to the fact that she had been there once, she and Lois exchanged places. The boys chosen in the finals were Frank Kendrick, first; and Donald McArthur, second. On April 25th, Alegra and Donald spoke at Froebel, representing Emerson in the Lake County Contest. Alegra did not place but Donald received second place and received the silver medal, which is admired by all.

We wish to thank Miss Lynch for all the extra time she spent on the contest and also to give her these—

Rah, Rah, Rah,

Rah, Rah, Rah,

Rah, Rah, Rah. —H. Erlandson.

VICTORY BOY CAMPAIGN



THE Victory Boy Campaign was enthusiastically and successfully launched in Emerson last November during the Seven-in-One drive. Mr. Ralph Clarke and Judge O. L. Wildermuth of the city organization spent the day, November 14, 1918, with us in the interests of the campaign. They both delivered talks on the work to be done, the work that has been done, and our part in it. They emphasized, of course, the importance of the boys' definitely pledging themselves to a definite task in the interests of this work,

and one that would entail work and sacrifice.

As a result of their talks nearly every boy in the school signed a pledge in which he obligated himself to earn and contribute to the campaign a certain sum of money to be paid in full or in installments by April 1st, 1919. Almost immediately the money began coming in and has done so in a steady manner ever since. Although at this time no authentic report of the returns can be made, there is every evidence that the boys will make a 100% record on their pledges.



STUDENT COUNCIL



AS SOON as possible after the class meetings, the representatives elected for the Student Council held their first meeting. From the Senior representatives, Adelbert Verplank was elected president, and Grace Phillips vice-president. The Junior representatives were Glenn Rearick and Dolores Bierwagen. Clara Hogan was elected to take Dolores' place when she left school, later in the year. Arnold Lieberman and Marian Albright represented the Sophomores until Marian left. Then Clyde Barber filled her place. The Freshman representatives were Robert Pickard and Beatrice Nesbit, secretary.

Arnold Lieberman and Beatrice Nesbit advanced to other classes than those they represented; but as the Sophomore and Freshman classes were unable to hold meetings, new representatives were not elected.

At the first meeting, work began. A result is the care of the washrooms. Mr. Spaulding asked the Council's help, and so posters were made and placed in the washrooms. These reminded the students about the correct use of the towels and soap, and the situation was improved. Permanent posters are being made that these rooms may always be kept in good condition.

Restrictions were placed on the use of the west entrance because of the congestion there. Knowing the student body's dislike of these rules, the Student Council

asked Mr. Spaulding to allow the entrance to be used before 8:15 and after 4:15. He agreed to this plan, if the student body consented not to use it between those hours. With the co-operation of the students, this plan was successfully carried out.

Mr. Spaulding suggested that the president appoint a committee of bicycle riders to draw up plans for a shed to keep their bicycles in. The president appointed the boys of the Student Council to make the plans for two sheds, at the northwestern and northeastern entrances. These plans will be presented to the Board of Education, with the hope of procuring safe shelter for the bicycles of the students who ride to school.

All this work could not have been done without the advice and help of Mr. Richardson, who has attended our meetings regularly. Mr. Spaulding, also, met with the Council and helped a great deal. The Council is grateful to Miss Lull and Mr. Yeager for their assistance in the making of the washroom posters and bicycle shed plans.

The work of the 1918-1919 Student Council is completed, but as there will always be Councils, we hope that through our good work this year they may be better known. Also, that the future Student Council will grow to be the most powerful of the school organizations.

—Beatrice Nesbit.

U. S. B. W. R.



WHEN the United States declared war against Germany in April, 1917, she began to furnish food and war implements to the allies. Thus it became necessary to increase production more than ever before in the United States. Then as thousands of farmers and mill hands were called to the colors, there was a great scarcity of laborers. This led to the organization of the U. S. B. W. R., which was composed of boys too young to enter the army. The members were volunteers who joined the Reserve to work during vacation as long as the war lasted. Two million boys enrolled. Of this number Gary furnished one thousand boys. Most of the older Gary boys worked in the Steel Mills, which were turning out bullet steel, plates for ships, etc.

I was one of the boys of Gary to go to the farm. I left for Farmer City, Illinois, early in April. There were five boys in the neighborhood in which I worked, who were from the Lane Technical School, Chicago. All these boys were enrolled under the Reserve.

Work on the farm is very interesting from the time the soil is prepared for planting until the harvest. Most of the city boys were novices at farm work; for example, the first time I tried to disk, my employer went along to watch

me. After I had driven across the field he said, "Great Scott! Can't you drive straight down a row?"

"Oh", I thought, "am I supposed to drive straight down a row?" I said, "Sure I can," and tried to stay on a row going back.

Before getting accustomed to rising at four A. M., I dropped to sleep on the cultivator. When the horses came to the end of the row they stopped. I finished my nap and woke up when the dinner bell rang.

A boy from Chicago who worked on the adjoining farm had some bad luck early in the season. He was driving a four-horse team to a disk, when they suddenly became frightened and ran away. In trying to go through a gate they clashed into a fence, throwing the boy about thirty feet and cutting off the leg of a four-year-old colt. His employer was very kind, took care of the boy, and did not discharge him, though he lost a fine colt.

Boys who worked in factories earned more money than those who worked on a farm, but they seldom developed so much good muscle and health. However, no matter where we worked, the members of the U. S. B. W. R. felt the satisfaction of having done their bit to hasten the final victory.

—Eugene Dils, '21.

THE EMERSON RED CROSS



IN FEBRUARY of the year nineteen hundred and eighteen, when the Red Cross was so sorely pressed for garments to be used in the hospitals, by the sick and wounded, made so by this great war, a call came to the schools for help. The girls of the Emerson Sewing classes with the true Gary spirit, came to the front, determined that, as far as they were concerned, none of the soldiers should want for comforts they could make. The first contingent was a dozen bandaged foot shoes. With what earnestness and what care each seam was made that the shoes should be as comfortable and germ-proof as possible! Some of the girls worked extra time that the dozen pair should be returned to the work rooms and put into the next Saturday's shipment. One can imagine with what relief and feeling of pleasure it was learned that the work was approved by the committee and would be entrusted to the classes. It was not long before the weekly bundle became too large to handle, and a big, strong clothes basket provided with covers by the carpenter and marked "Emerson Red Cross" by the paint shop, was looked for every Friday night at the headquarters. Pardonable was the pride among the girls

when it became known that Emerson Unit's basket passed without inspection and that most difficult garments were sent to them that on their return they might be used as models at the central workroom.

Before the school was closed in June, by the united efforts of grades as well as High School, nine hundred articles had been sent, including bed shoes, bandaged foot shoes, hospital shirts, pajama coats and pants, bath robes, shirts, sheets, pillow cases, towels, and dresses for children. In September the need was still urgent, and the same Emerson Unit, with the same Emerson spirit, but different classes, took up the work. The type of articles required changed, and soap cases, bags of various kinds, baby bonnets, dresses, coats and bootees made up the basket. Before Christmas the Unit had sent in fourteen hundred and eighty pieces of work. The armistice being signed, the requirements are not so great and the work is almost finished. Should the occasion again arise the Red Cross will always find an Emerson Unit ready and more than willing to do its part.

—*Ida Lull.*

CALENDAR

SEPTEMBER

2. School opens. Debut of Freshmen.
5. We start on a year of hard work. Many new teachers and students.
9. First football practice.
11. Two old friends come back to school—Ashbury H. and Floyd K.
13. Miss Geneva Nugent, the Domestic Science teacher for the last two years, visits school.
15. Sherwood J. requests us not to publish that he is "dippy" about Berneil Davis.
17. First Senior class meeting. Art O'Hara elected President.
18. Theodore J. is seen talking to a girl.
20. Football team secretly decides to become state champions.
21. Austin football team used as a doormat. Emerson 19—Austin 0.
23. Miss Dawson goes away for two weeks.
24. Mildred Freeburg wears a gentleman's ring. Mystery!!!!
25. First night-school dance.
26. Senior English class gives programme in Auditorium.
28. Team defeats Thornton 29—0.
30. Marvin Taylor, home on a furlough, visits school.

OCTOBER

1. Receive news of the marriage of Miss Dawson, now Mrs. Tribble. Miss Lynch ill in Chicago with influenza.
2. Second team defeats Froebel's first. 18—6.
3. First appearance of the Spanish "flu" in school.
5. East Chicago called us "farmers", but we showed 'em. 39—0.
6. Reported at 3 A. M. that Germany had surrendered.
7. Only "local color". First afternoon "hop". Teachers up in arms because there may be a vacation because of influenza.
8. Hurrah! School dismissed indefinitely. Teachers all smiles because they are to receive full pay during vacation.
9. Somebody's always taking the joy out of life. School open again. Moonlight picnic in Miss Bruns's back yard. As usual four young Sophies were nowhere to be found.

10. Game with Evanston postponed because of "flu". No school again for ten days.
11. Can't possibly get a vacation. School board has a meeting and decides we don't need one.
12. Expression class (trying to get credits) sends flowers to Miss Lynch.
13. Five Senior girls leave in Ruth Wolf's car to visit Hammond schools. We understand there were five Hammondites to greet them.
14. Health authorities come to our rescue and close schools for two weeks. No shows and no dances permitted.
30. School opens after two weeks' vacation. Our honorable President learns to dance.
31. Word received of the death of Carl Smith and Frank Knotts, both graduates of Emerson.

NOVEMBER

1. Teachers try to kill us by giving lessons that ordinarily take three or four days.
2. We hold Oak Park to an even score, 6—6, with no one on the side lines because of "flu".
3. Ruth Wolf announces in Expression that she has a new "man". She says that instead of Coal-us it is now Coke-ly.
4. Several Senior girls are discovered missing this afternoon. Cause—Red Cross ambulance drivers in town.
5. Everybody anxious for the big Hammond massacre.
7. War reported again ended. All Senior girls celebrate by taking a half holiday, and try to get into the "movies" without any success.
8. More talk. It still isn't over. The Juniors give us the shock of our lives by announcing they are going to try to give a dance after the Hammond game.
9. We beat Hammond 19—13. We are not surprised to learn that the Juniors have postponed their dance.
11. War really ends. No school.

12. Frank Kendrick makes his first call on a young lady in Ross.
15. Crazy collar day. "Swede" J. receives prize for craziest one.
19. School closes once more because of influenza.

DECEMBER

7. We received our second football defeat when Morocco defeats us in a cow pasture.
9. School opens again. It seems to be a habit.
13. N. Division???
15. All the little Junior and Sophie girls wear clean dresses and starched ribbons because Lawrence Tittle is in town in khaki.
19. Annual Board meeting. Oh, sad and cruel world! We are told we are to have no Christmas vacation.
20. Everything is clear for a trip to Bloomington. We defeat Valpo 20—16 in our first basketball game.
23. Jessie Klinedorf entertains a Christmas party.
25. Our Christmas vacation.
26. Sherwood Judson has two famous Elgin boys at school. More smiling girls.
27. Afternoon dance in "gym". Alegra Nesbit entertains at dancing party.
28. Lane Tech 16. Emerson 13.
30. "Bob" O. asks six girls to Faculty dance.
31. Faculty gives annual dance for Alumni and High School. The first real dance of the year.

JANUARY

5. Death of Theodore Roosevelt.
7. Senior class meeting. Red and white roses were chosen as class flowers.
8. An honest-to-goodness basketball star, "Swede" Johnson, purchases an ankle watch.
10. Defeat Rochester by a score of 27—21.
12. Edward Wilson and Mildred Freeburg are elected cheer leaders.
13. Our only class poet, Frank Kelso, writes a poem on "Nature".
14. Stella C. entertained at a "slumber" party. A new game, "Make Believe", is reported. For particulars ask Bess F.

15. "Childhood Day". Senior girls wear hair ribbons.
17. Defeat Hammond 32—13. "Beany" is put out of the game.
19. The Senior class entertains the basketball teams at a taffy pull and dance.
20. Alvin W. takes Jessie K. to the "movies".
21. Alvin W. goes machine riding with Florence B.
22. Jessie K. has a hair-pull with Florence B. Result—Katheryn W. goes to a dance with A. W.
25. Emerson 32. Valpo 16.
26. The Juniors defeat the Sophies.
27. Five Senior girls organize the W. W. W. club and refuse to talk to anyone. Lois H. seems to be the only one who broke the rule, and she tells us that she simply can't resist when Willis S. talks to her.
28. The Seniors defeat the Juniors.
31. The basketball teams, escorted by twelve girls, journey to Whiting and defeat them 47—23.

FEBRUARY

1. Dance for High School and Alumni students given under the supervision of Coach Brasaemle.
3. Mr. Spaulding requests two Seniors not to do their love-making in the first floor corridor. He suggests that a ride in a Ford with Eva S. and her friend would be better.
4. Mickey F., Flo B., Stella C., Ruth W., and Bess F. see "Head Over Heels" and "Going Up" in Chicago. They have chop suey 'n' everything.
7. Team goes to Rochester and lose the second game of the season, 31—18. They have mighty fine "cats", and are so good-looking the Plymouth team fears they will lose all their girls, so cancelled the game for Saturday night.
9. Mildred Freeburg entertains at dancing party. We wonder what happened to the hats of Jessie K. and Eva S.
12. Senior girls' hockey team entertains at a banquet in honor of Junior hockey team.
14. Emerson 51. Whiting 23. Lois H. has party afterwards.

15. Coach takes his team to Lake Forest and defeats them 22—20. R. Stimson gets "bawled out" for chewing gum.
17. Katherine P. receives a real-for-sure "frat pin".
18. Defeated East Chicago 44—36.
21. Emerson second team of girls defeats the Froebel second team and Froebel first team defeats Emerson first by a score of 10-12. Matinee dance and spread given by girls' teams. Miss Brownfield entertains Senior English class at dinner party at Rothschild's.
24. Long skirts are becoming popular with the Senior girls.
25. Emerson "Chorus Girls" make first appearance in Moose Minstrels.
26. Glen Park dances are getting to be a hobby of the W. W. W. girls.
27. Ruby S. is seen powdering her nose in Auditorium.
28. Mr. White has a swollen jaw. The cause is unknown.

MARCH

1. East Chicago 36—Emerson 24. Three of our best players, Sibley, Wood, and Quinlan are kept out of the game.
2. Florence B. and "Mickey" F. entertain at a dinner dance at Rothschild's.
4. Bess F., Donald McA., Mildred Freeburg, and Robert O. are appointed as committee to find rooms for the out-of-town boys during their stay at the tournament.
5. Everything ready for the sectional tournament to be held at the Y. M. C. A. the 7th and 8th.
7. Defeat Monterey in our first game of the tournament 49-5 in the morning, and Rensselaer 44—15 in the evening.
8. We win the tournament by eliminating Whiting from the finals 26-7 and defeat East Chicago in the finals 30-15.
10. The team that will represent us at Lafayette is announced. Edward S. is almost overcome by the blow that he is allowed to go.
12. Team leaves for the Northern Indiana tournament at Lafayette. The Juniors present the boys with a little Easter basket of fruit and the Senior girls accompany the team as far as Ham-

- mond and give them a large box of "eats", which is so heavy that it has to be hauled on a wagon to get it to the car.
13. On the road to victory. Emerson shows mettle by defeating Kendallville 33-13. Now for Jefferson High School.
14. With the referee against them Emerson loses to Jefferson by a score of 21-18. The second team also loses out of the tournament at Whiting.
17. Coach Gilroy firmly states that Indiana referees will not officiate at the next annual state high school basket ball tournament.
18. Mildred F., Berneil D., and "Mickey" F. go riding with three friends from Hammond during school hours.
19. Lois H., Berneil D., Alef B., Jessie K., and Eva S. see "Going Up" and "Fiddlers Three" in Chicago.
21. Basket and Foot-ball team pictures taken. Girls' team play at Froebel.
24. Dr. Hall addresses girls on "Ideals of Womanhood" and the boys on the "Making of an Athlete." The entire high school is dismissed at 1:15 to hear the lecture on salesmanship.
26. Senior class meeting. Committee appointed to arrange for Farewell Dance.
27. Ruth W. appears with the latest fashion in spring hose.
28. Girls' basket ball teams and friends entertained at Matinee dance at Froebel. A group of boys give a minstrel show.
29. The W. W. W. give dinner party for basket ball team at the home of Jessie Klinedorf.
31. The dates for the Oratorical contests are announced. Everybody busy in the Expression class working on their selections.

APRIL

1. The Senior girls defeat Freshman 13-1.
2. Again the Senior girls bring in a victory by defeating the Sophomores 15-0.
3. Alas! The Juniors defeat the Seniors and are awarded the championship merely because they have defeated all the other teams.
4. George Dunleavy is elected Captain of the Foot-ball team for the coming year. A mock trial is held in the Civics class.

"Bob" O. is fined \$50 because he failed to pay his board to his landlady, Alef Blake. Lois H. and Mildred F. are the witnesses, each testifying that he spent \$20 on them. We wonder if Bob ever saw this much money.

7. Groups of Seniors can be seen standing around the hall, whispering just at the time any Juniors happen to be passing. It's all a joke. The Seniors want the Juniors to believe the "hunt" is to-night and they believe it and hunt until Adrian's car runs out of "gas".
8. Donald M. sits on a tack although Miss Lynch does try to prevent it. Annual Board meeting. Junior class meeting.
9. Miss Hagedorn leaves. Alef B. is elected captain of the Senior Basketball team.
10. Bessie F. receives a letter from Hammond. By the smiles on her face we know they must have "made up".
11. Edward S., Donald M., Arthur O., and Frank K. are chosen in the Oratorical preliminaries and Lois H., Alegra N., Ruth W., Hazel E., Florence B., and Eva S. in the Declamatory preliminaries.
14. Campaign opens for a larger sale of annuals.
15. Alegra Nesbit, Lois Hutchins, Donald McArthur and Frank Kendrick are chosen in the Oratorical finals.
16. School is dismissed one hour to see war trophies at Lake Shore station. May U. is the only girl lucky enough to get a "date" with a Marine, just back from the front.
17. Hurrah! Another vacation. No school because of a broken boiler. A dance in the girls' gym until "Grandpa" sends us home. A great many boys and girls go to the Orpheum and cause quite a bit of disturbance. "Swede" J. evidently thought the leading lady was flirting with him.
19. First track event. R. Stimson comes in first and A. Gerdes second in the cross-country run.
21. Florence B. writes to Beatrice Fairfax to inquire if it would be the most proper thing, if she should move her seat in Expression behind Bob O. Evidently Miss Fairfax must have approved.

22. The big event of the year—The Junior-Senior Hunt. For the second time in the history of the school, the Juniors fail to find the Seniors.
23. The parts for the Senior play are given out. A good-looking young man calls for Nellie Osman, but Mr. Spaulding will not allow him to wait for Miss Osman in the hall.
24. Senior class meeting. As usual the Secretary and "Beany" have a little argument. At last the class decides on the proper invitations for graduation. Sherwood Judson wins helmet for the best three-minute talk at Froebel on the Liberty Loan campaign.
25. Lake County Oratorical contest at Froebel. Emerson fails to place in either of the afternoon contests, but Donald M. receives second place in the Oratorical contest in the evening.
26. Victory parade. Emerson makes a good showing with a large representation of school children under the supervision of Coach Gilroy. After the parade Wilbert D. is seen going toward 424 Adams all dressed up in a pink collar.
27. East Chicago feels rather big-headed to-day since they won three first places in the contest at Froebel and visit Emerson. The Wilson Brothers, Jerome P., and Morris F., seem to be the main center of attraction.
28. "Shrimp" F. and Elmer W. (a Froebelite) are added to the lovelorn list. The parts are given out for the Senior English class play.

MAY

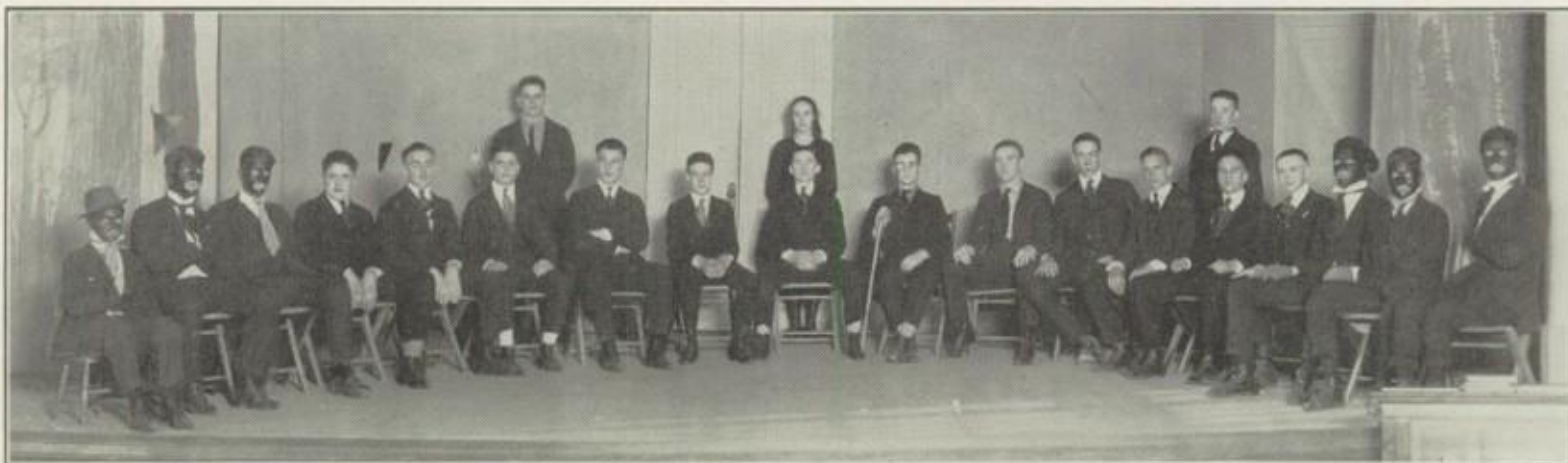
1. The Seniors defeat the Juniors in the first baseball game 5—3.
2. Freshman and Sophomore girls' basketball teams entertain the Junior and Senior teams at a beach party at Miller.
3. Hammond-Gary track meet. Hammond 57. Gary 47.
5. The Junior class entertains the Seniors at a beach party.
6. Major Meade arrives to organize a regiment of Emerson boys for military training.
7. The "Sophies" lose to the Seniors by a score of 8—3. Miss Conyer, the new typewriting teacher to take Mrs. Tribble's posi-

tion, makes a good beginning by making some new rules, one of which is that there will be a test given each and every day.

8. The honorable Seniors bring in another victory by defeating the Freshmen by the simple score of 20—1. We nearly die of heart-failure when we hear that Geo. D., Dils, Sibley, and Kelso will not be eligible for the Lake County Track Meet.
9. Matinee dance. Lois H. and Frank K. each receive third place at the Northern Indiana Preliminaries at Michigan City. As usual Frank makes a "hit" with the young ladies of that city, and Plymouth also.
10. Lake County Track Meet at Gleason Park. Hammond 29, Crown Point 27, Emerson 25. But we made up for it by winning first in the relay and receive the silver cup.
12. The Juniors defeat the hopeless Sophies 7—4. The Civics class holds an election.
13. The Juniors announce that since there is too much luxury

around this school they will not be allowed to give a banquet. The mystery to be solved now is—WHERE IS THE LUXURY?

14. The Lake View High School, from Chicago, plays Emerson on the home grounds. Little "Shrimp" F. stays one hour with Mr. Spaulding for chewing gum in History.
16. The F. O. P. club, composed of Junior girls, entertain at a beach party at Miller. The remainder of the Annual goes to press.
17. The Northern Indiana Track Meet is held at South Bend.
23. The Senior Expression class will present "Young America" for the annual Senior play.
24. The State Track Meet will be held.
30. The Juniors give the annual "prom."
31. The Froebel Junior-Senior prom and banquet will be given.



THE EMERSON MINSTRELS



ON FRIDAY evening, the 28th of March, a fair-sized audience gathered in the Auditorium to be entertained by the above-mentioned group, and the following programme was presented:

Curtain

Opening Chorus.....	Good-Bye, France
Dils and Hanlan.....	Tackin' 'Em Down
Judson and English.....	Why Girls Leave Home
Emlyn Jones and Eugene Dils—Duet.....	Till We Meet Again
William Wood.....	Mandolin Selection
Emlyn Jones—Solo.....	Rainbows
Ed Smith—Solo.....	Prohibition Blues
Chorus.....	Till the Cows Come Home
Military Review.....	H. Harris, Rear Admiral
Carl Johnson—Talk on Prohibition and introduction of Mr. Ikey Green (who, we regret to say, was unable to appear on account of the poor car service to 40th avenue)	
Jerome Pycha.....	After the Ball
Carl Johnson.....	She's My Nut
English and Friedman.....	Those Trombone Blues

The show as a whole was quite well taken, and especially the jokes on local characters were enjoyed. I am sure none of us had ever thought of Harold Cogley as a man with a "past". Dils and Hanlan, with their jokes and songs, were made to display effectively the "long and short of it," while Laddie Wilson with his "Oh, waiter" (which he claims to be original), was encored again and again. Since our show many people have remarked on the excellent

quality of Emlyn Jones's voice, and with the assistance of Eugene Dils two of the evening's "best" were rendered. In the role of Ukelele-tapper Bill Wood surprised us all, and his superior talent was manifested in the applause of the audience. Ed Smith played the part of a "drunk" very realistically. English and Judson next entertained (?) the crowd, and even the English asserts *he* was entirely at ease. It was learned on good authority that Judson was rather "shaky".

What have we here? Why, Harold Harris in the shoes of a commander—he and his squad deserve very much credit. And now we approach the climax—Carl Johnson as a temperance orator and prima donna. We wonder if "Swede" had anyone in mind when he sang his song, for he did look rather dreamy.

Then, after the curtain had fallen on this wild scene, the crowd adjourned to the "gym", where a dance was enjoyed by all.

But what show would be complete without the trimming? In view of this, the committee extend thanks to Margaret Neff and George Jackson, for as an orchestra they did highly commendable work. Edward A. Wilson, Jr., as a spotlight operator, and Frank Sibley and Louis "Rattaport" also deserve credit.

Last, though not the least, the committee takes pleasure in thanking and congratulating Coach R. E. Brasaemle, who, by his untiring efforts, sacrifice of time, and careful coaching, made possible the whole show.

—Sherwood Judson, '20.



CAST OF SENIOR PLAY

"YOUNG AMERICA"

Jack Doray.....	Herbert Plowman, Arthur O'Hara
Edith Doray	Ruth Davis, Hazel Erlandson
Mrs. McGuire.....	Stella Copeland
Art Simpson.....	Alegra Nesbit, Eva Sprowls
Jim Reuter.....	Edwin Smith
Benny King.....	Donald McArthur
Billy Coombs.....	Frank Kendrick
Teresa McGuire.....	Eva Dubinsky
Patsy McGuire.....	May Uhl
Willie Wright.....	Claudia Isay
Fanny King.....	Mildred Feuer
Marjory Timmins.....	Mildred Freeburg
The Dog	Jasper
Court Officer.....	Robert Freise
The Clerk.....	Lois Hutchins
Isaac Slavinsky.....	Robert O'Connor
Romney Burgess.....	Oscar Strom
Washington White.....	Bessie Friedman
Judge Palmer.....	Florence Bernstein
Nutty Beemer.....	Ruth Wolf
Pinto	A poodle

—H. E., '19.

ALUMNI KODAKS



H, HAVEN'T you seen my kodak book? It's just full of snaps of the bunches from 1909, on down. I've lost a great many of them, but I haven't forgotten them, by any means!

Remember Earle Kohler? He surprised us all by marrying a little nurse, when he returned from camp. Ed Paine '10, was next, and then we found that George Holmes '13, Mildred Heckenlively '14, and Claire Summers '17, had all deserted our single ranks. Happy? Well, I guess so! Everyone of them.

We read all about these things in the friendly contemporaries, the Post and Tribune, where the accounts are most elaborately written up by our "staff" editors—Dena Szold Carver, and Peg Hanlan.

Here are some of our worthy members who help make the Gary Library famous—Anna Gibson '11, Mary Holderman '12, and Adiah Taylor '11. Yes, Florence Schaffer '12, Geraldine Phillips '14, Faith Viant '15, and Hazel Swisher '15 are all teaching the "Wirt System"; Hazel still seems to have an interest in Indiana U., doesn't she?

Harry Kahan '11, just returned from receiving his M. D. degree, is now a state assistant to the Health Board. That's John Wicks beyond him, there, and a faithful war worker in the mills. That's Sam Kreinman with the sweater. He has been in the Medical Corps, since we first entered the war, and he is stationed at one of the southern camps.

Talking about athletes, Bernard Szold '17 and George MacLennan were requisitioned from their companies for

athletics, after the armistice was signed. They played on the St. Nazaire football team, which played for the A. E. F. finals. George has been retained for wrestling, and Bud for the Olympic meet.

James Davidson '13 is attending the oldest university in Europe, at Toulouse, and enjoying it immensely. Gerald Phillips '15 is another fortunate, taking advantage of an educational furlough. Recognize May and Leo? They are still going together to all the dances, when they are not in their schools.

Emerson always was fond of music, and Peg Witmer '17, Frances Brewer '17, Irene Davis '17, and Mildred Welsheimer '17, are all working hard, and are making great progress in their study.

Look! This is George the Third—the most adored youngster you ever heard of. George and Evelyn McRoberts are certainly fond parents, aren't they?

These were some of the first of our boys to go. Irv Elser '16, is still in Texas, and so are Marvin Taylor '17, and Paul Dexter '17. Clyde Fishel '17, has received his discharge, you know. Laurie Spiker '17, is now in the Army of Occupation. "Stu" Pritchard '16 returned not long ago, as have these boys—Lester Holderman '15, "Bill" Maloney '15, Carl Benson '14, and Russell Wilson '13.

This is the "Navy Page". Ensign Feder '13 is in England; Lloyd Cowan '14, now on the U. S. Robinson, is on his way across, again, to participate in this trans-Atlantic flight—his boat to be one of the accompanying guard; Grant Wilson '15, Harry Carlton '16, and Eugene James '17, were at different stations. Ralph Hodson '17, and Don Cameron '17, were in the Naval Reserve at Purdue.

Curtis and Elmer Dils were both in the "Y" service, and Lewis Stone, this one, is transferred into this branch until his father receives his discharge.

Henry Hay '18, Editor-in-Chief of the "'18 E.", is at Pennsylvania U., while his shadow, Harvey Evans, is at Chicago U. Runt Wood certainly looks happy—must like De Pauw pretty well, and if this isn't Izzy Human! Wonder how he enjoys Baton Rouge? This was taken just before Elizabeth Graff '18, and Irene Spiker '18, left for Wisconsin U. Here's Pearl Burford Burns. Didn't we have jolly times at her cottage, and riding around in her Ford? This is Agnes Brank Martinson. They both are so happy with their "sojer" boys.

Eva and Fred Ramenstein have moved to Chicago, while May and Paul Hake have gone to Youngstown.

And this bunch! How it is scattered! Doris Davidson is at Ferry Hall, Miriam Swartz at Ward-Belmont, Ruth West at Brenau, Marian Monroe at Pestalozzi-Froebel, Catherine Albright at National Park Seminary, and Dillu Loyd at Lenox Hall. Sylvia Tittle is at home after extended travel, and Florence Hemingway and Helen Hayman are studying music with Chicago instructors.

Isn't this fine of Marjory Hutton? She is in reconstruction work in the southern camps, and is making a great success, too. It isn't every alumni association that can boast of such a corps of war workers, is it?

Then there are our "Gold Star Boys", to whom we pay reverent homage, for we can feel that they gave their lives not only for humanity, but for the Emerson Alumni.

—F. C. H., 18.

HONOR ROLL

Arthur Anderson	With '18	Irving Elser	'16	Carl Krausse	'14	Wm. O'Brien	With '20
Earl Andren	'16	Russell Engle	With '12	Sam Kreinman	'15	George Osman	With '18
Joe Aydelotte	With '16	Arnold Erlandson	With '17	Bert Kuss	'13	Gerald Phillips	'15
Forbes Bailey	'12	Harvey Evans	'18	Louis Kuss	'16	Stewart Pritchard	'16
George Bailey	With '14	Joe Faherty	With '16	John Kyle	'17	Chandos Ragon	With '20
Carl Benson	'14	Alexander Feder	'13	Leo Lenberg		Oscar Range	With '17
Ralph Berthold	With '17	Anton Fey	'17	Harry Levey	'13	Harry Reed	
Fred Bishop	With '19	Clyde Fishel	'16	Wm. Levey	'16	George Riggs	'14
Joe Black	'17	Morris Goldman		Fred Lousk	With '20	James Ruman	'15
Harold Bowers	'14	John Hackmaster		James Mack	'13	Peter Schoon	'15
Sylvan Bowers	'13	Paul Hake	'13	Colin MacKenzie	'11	Gordon Scott	'16
Fred Bowlby	With '16	Charles Harris	'16	Godfrey MacKenzie	With '20	Carl Smith*	'12
Harold Brewer	With '18	Henry Hay	'18	James MacKenzie*	'13	Glen Smith	With '20
Reginald Brinkman		Harold Haskell	'14	Donald MacLennan	'16	Roy Smith	
Edward Brown	With '17	Frank Hedges	With '18	George MacLennan	With '14	Vernon Smith	'18
Forrest Brown		George Hedley		Robert Maloney	'17	Wm. Smurden	
Wm. Brueckheimer	With '14	Roy Heintz		Wm. Maloney	'15	Lewis Stone	'15
Walton Burns*	'14	Earl Hodge		James Martin		Oscar Swanson	With '14
Donald Cameron	'17	Ralph Hodson	'17	Raymond Matthews	With '19	Bernard Szold	'17
Harold Carlton	'16	George Holmes	'13	Oscar Mayhak	With '14	Charles Tarr	
Lawrence Cavell	With '15	Bert Huff	With '13	Norman Mayme	'14	Marvin Taylor	'17
Henry Colburn	With '19	Chester Huff		Willis Mayne	With '19	Ralph Taylor	With '19
Curtis Coons	'18	Marjory Hutton	'14	Clayton McEachern	With '21	Wm. Thorgren	With '19
Lloyd Cowan	'14	Milton Isay	'18	Gordon McEachern	With '17	Arthur Thorsen	With '14
Henry Crawford	With '17	Eugene James	'17	John MacLennan	'14	Ralph Underwood	With '20
Sam Croyley		Bert Jewell	With '13	Ray MacLennan	'18	Harold Vance	'16
Margaret Cutler	'15	Dewey Johnson	'18	George McRoberts	'17	Zim Viant	'17
James Davidson	'13	Chester Jones	'17	Arthur Menduron		Wm. Wellman	
John A. Davidson	With '17	Martin Kearns	With '17	Alger Miller	'15	Otto Webber	'12
Glenn Dexter		Robert Keever	With '18	Cyrean Miller	With '19	Rudolph Westergren	With '14
Paul Dexter	'17	Harry Kahan	'12	Eddie Miller		Carl Wheelock	With '21
Curtis Dils	'17	Harry Kleinschmidt	With '14	Joseph Millstone		John Wiles	With '16
Elmer Dils	'12	Frank Knotts*	'11	Sherwood Moe	With '11	Grant Wilson	'13
Henry Donovan	With '14	John Knotts	With '20	Richard Much	'13	Russell Wilson	'13
Harry Doolin	With '20	Earl Koeler	'09	Walker Myers	With '20	Rundell Wood	'18
Earl Edmans	With '16	Harry Kollus	With '15	Patrick O'Brien	With '17	Melvin Wooten	'17
						Roby Young	'14

* Dead



RAGTIME DEPARTMENT

Ruth Davis, General Mgr.

Nothing Less Than 10c and Nothing Over 10c.

My Hammond Rose.....	Bessy F.
Chewing Gum Bag.....	Micky F.
I'm So Pretty.....	T. Johnson
They Always Pick On Me.....	Shrimp F.
The W. W. W. Blues.....	Berniel Davis
Oh, How I Hate to Get Up In the Morning.....	Ed. Smith

I'm a Jazz Baby.....	Stella C.
Pretty Baby.....	Alvin Wood
Just One More.....	Frank Kendrick
I'm Old Enough for a Little Loving.....	Micky H.
I Love Her, and She Loves Me.....	Wilbur D.
Micky.....	Micky McArthur
Everything Is Peaches Down In Georgia.....	Geo. D.
Down On the Farm.....	Willis S.
I Didn't Raise My Ford to Be a Jitney.....	Kelly

Nobody Loves a Fat Girl.....	Madge F.
I Just Can't Make My Eyes Behave.....	Jessie K.
You Taught Me How to Love You.....	Louie R.
After the Ball Is Over.....	Ross S.
I Want a Doll.....	Laddie Wilson
Just You.....	Beanie Harris
Meet Me Tonight In Dreamland.....	Florence B.
Till We Meet Again.....	Bob Freise and Gladys Briggs
I Love You Truly.....	Herbert Plowman

JOKES

Sherwood: "Who wears the biggest hat in the army?"

Berneil: "I don't know. Who?"

Sherwood: "The guy with the biggest head."

Mrs. Quinlan, knocking on Frank's door: "Get up, it's eight o'clock."

Frank (sleepily): "That's too bad. Better call the doctor."

A gentleman driving in the country lost a tap from his buggy, and drove to a farm house near by to see whether he could get help. Seven little children climbed on the fence as he drove up, and the father appeared at the gate.

"I was looking for a monkey wrench," said the gentleman.

"No, no," replied the Dutch farmer, "dis iss no monkey ranch. Dese are mine children."

Silently, one by one, in the little books of the teachers, down go the zeros, the little white blossoms, the forget-me-nots of the Seniors.

Beany: "Elwood would tango perfectly but for two things."

Ruth: "Yes? What are they?"

Beany: "His feet."

See the noble Freshman,
Behold his face so fair;
How green he is,
How fresh he is,
His dome is full of air.

Art O'Hara: "Charlie Chaplin works a second and he has a nickel for car fare."

Miss Knickerbocker: "Where was the Declaration of Independence signed?"

Flo B.: "At the bottom of the page."

Geo.: "Where do you get that stuff, kid?"

Freshie: "I was taught it."

Geo.: "Taught it? Who learned you to talk that way?"

Miss Lynch, talking on what would make us happy: "If you were eating a big meal now, what would it give you?"

Bob O'C.: "Indigestion."

Miss Lynch: "It says here in the book that Chaucer was a great cavalry rider. What does that show?"

Oscar Strom: "That he was bow-legged."

Bright Junior: "He's got a lot of horse sense."

Still brighter Soph.: "Sort of a stable mind. Eh?"

Art O'Hara, wringing his hands in despair: "My hair will always be read till I die (dye)."

Geo. D.: "I'm working in the grocery store around the corner."

Gladys H.: "What doin'?"

Geo.: "Teas'n coffee."

Miss Lynch: "Where in the Old Testament was democracy first shown?"

Ed. Wilson: "The Pueblo Indians."

Late Books by Well Known Authors

Married, Thru Thick and Thin.....	S. Aldrich
The Science of Gum Chewing.....	Ed. Wilson
Thru High School in a Baby Carriage.....	F. Kendrick
Regrets on Leaving.....	L. Dubetz
Confessions of a Flirt.....	Katie Witwer
How It All Happened.....	Eva Sprowls
Struggling Upward.....	Micky Hanlan
Vanity Fair.....	Alvin Wood
A Perfect Lady.....	Lois Hutchins
Easy Ways to Propose.....	H. Smith
How to Get Rich Quick.....	Swede Johnson
Keeping Up With Lizzie.....	Elwood Glueck
To Have and to Hold.....	Martha Taylor
Whispering Smith.....	Ed. Smith
An Original Belle.....	Madge Forsch
My Strange Life.....	A. Verplank
One Wonderful Night.....	Stella Copeland
Winsome but Wicked.....	Ruth Wolf
Not Like Other Girls.....	El. Salmi
Two Bad Blue Eyes.....	May Uhl
Adventures of a Modest Man.....	Frank Kelso
How to Break Dates.....	Micky Feuer
Wild Flowers.....	The W. W. W.'s
The Hutchins and Dierking Case.....	Willis Slosson
How to Loaf.....	Alegra Nesbit
How to Study.....	Bessy Friedman
A Few Excuses for Tardiness.....	Bob O'Connor
How to Conduct Yourself at a Banquet.....	Kelly
The Heart Breaker.....	Jessie Klinedorf
I'm From Texas.....	Alef Blake
Irish Wit.....	Art O'Hara
A Perfect Memory.....	Oscar Strom
Small Up-Keep of An Automobile.....	Flo. Bernstein
The Art of Boxing.....	Renner Stimson
How to Write Love Letters.....	Joe Jacobson
How to Reduce.....	Berneil Davis

Gin. C.: "What is the difference between a motor car, a sigh, and a donkey?"

Shrimp Q.: "I don't know."

Gin. C.: "Well, a motor car is "So Dear", a sigh is "Oh Dear", and a donkey is "You Dear".

Helen: "Well, how are you getting along in school?"

Laddie Wilson: "Oh, all right. I'm trying to get ahead, you know."

Helen: "Well, heaven knows you need one."

Matthias Fabianski: "Men are descended from monkeys."

Bessie Harris: "Some haven't descended yet."

Little beams of moonshine,

Little hugs and kisses,

Makes a little maiden

Change her name to Mrs.

Some Sophies saw a bunch of green,

Some foliage they feared,

But coming closer they seen,

"Twas in a looking glass they peered.

To a Pony

Up, old nag, and do your best,

For tomorrow comes a Caesar test.

Oscar Strom: "Why does a sculptor die horribly?"

Grace P.: "I don't know."

Oscar: "He makes faces and busts."

Frank Sibley: "Gee, I had an awful fright last night."

T. Johnson: "Yes, I saw you with her."

Lost and Found

Lost: Senior Girls' Championship. Finder please return. No questions asked.

Lost: My voice. Kindly return to Bob O'Connor.

Lost: A girl. Last seen walking down Fifth Avenue with Donald McArthur. Finder please return to Art. O'Hara.

Lost: A giggle in History class. Finder please return to Berneil D.

Lost: A good reputation. Please return to W. W. W.'s and receive reward.

Lost: An English credit. Finder please return to Harold Smith.

Found: A red blouse. Will be returned if description is given.

Found: A W. W. W. note signed "The Pres." Will be returned if owner will translate.

Carl J.: "We had a regular 'movie' at our house last night."

Alef B.: "How was that?"

Carl: "The cook got tipsy, created a scene, registered defiance when I tried to direct her movements, and then she went reeling out of the house."

Ruth Davis (at the movies): "Is that seat next to you gone?"

Edna Jones: "One minute, I'll see if it is still there."

Harper E.: "Do you know the story about the mouse trap?"

Shrimp F.: "No."

Harper: "Spring it."

One hundred eight

Teacher: Please excuse Johnny; he fell in a puddle. You will greatly oblige by doing same.

Frank Kendrick: "George, let's quit school and join the navy."

George Strom: "No chance; they want men."

Who's Who, and Why

Who's as wise as any owl?

Who studies all the day?

Who's always ready with a say

When there's a say to say?

A Senior.

Who can make the biggest boast?

Who can talk the loudest?

What is it that thinks it's IT?

Who always feels the proudest?

A Sophomore.

Who's as foxy as can be?

Who cracks the biggest joke?

That make you laugh and laugh and laugh,

Until you nearly croak?

A Junior

Who's as green as green can be?

Who wonders at the Juniors?

Who merely sniffs at Sophomores,

But stands amazed at SENIORS?

A Freshman.

—Ex.

A yardstick to himself did say,

While walking down the street:

"I'll have to buy me a pair and a half of shoes

Because I've got three feet."

—Ex.

There are metres of time,
There are metres of tone,
But the best way to metre
Is to meet her alone.

—Ex.

Young ladies' faults are many,
Young men have only two—
Everything they ever say,
And everything they do.

—Ex.

Bessy F. had a wad of gum
Its color was white as snow,
And everywhere that Bessy went
That gum was sure to go.

Some Examples of Carelessness

1. Dropping an acquaintance.
2. Cracking a joke.
3. Tripping up stairs.
4. Allowing a secret to escape.
5. Losing a chance.
6. Missing the point.
7. Letting fall a hint.

Miss Snyder: "Give me one cause of indigestion."

Laddie W.: "Overstudy."

The youth: "If I were to steal a kiss, would it scare you so that you would scream?"

The maiden: "I couldn't. Fright always makes me dumb."

Can You Imagine?

Berneil not talking about her relations?
Beanie pleased with anything the Senior Class did?
One of the W. W. W.'s not wearing Jessie's red blouse?

Swede not acting crazy?

Ruth W. not having a date?

Ruby S. primping?

Eva S. not getting the giggles?

Gladys Briggs flirting?

Hutchie not liking a "Dear King"?

Miss Lynch praising her Senior Expression class?

Kate C. at a class meeting?

May Uhl six feet four?

Shrimp F. without a fellow?

Bessie F. with curly hair?

Kelly dancing?

The Senior class with twice as many boys as girls?

Gladys H. praising the Seniors?

Bob O'Connor not "kidding" a girl?

Eugene Dils going with Bessie H.?

Stella talking in a low voice?

Claudia I. a basketball champion?

George D. not hungry?

Micky F. refusing to dance?

Ross S. asking a girl to dance?

Art. O'Hara dancing the Pierette?

Micky H. playing football?

Flo. B. not in love with someone?

Sherwood Judson as Pavlova's partner?

Frank Kelso smoking?

Herbert P. talking to a girl?

George Strom entered the school library and asked the librarian: "Have you got the Progress of Pilgrim's Bunions?"

Some Don'ts to Be Done

Don't count your chickens before they are hatched. Sell them.

Don't hit a man when he is down. Kick him.

Don't smoke. Chew.

Don't lie. Forget it.

Don't steal. Hire the right kind of a lawyer.

Don't use slang. Cut it out.

Don't loan money. Borrow it.

Don't spend money foolishly. Have a charge account.

Don't go broke. Stay broke and get used to it.

Don't think before you act. Do as the stage people do.

Don't swear by your friends. Swear at them.

Don't borrow trouble. Buy a motor car.

Don't lose your health. Shoot the doctor.

Don't worry. Die.

—Ex.

Pedestrian: "Hey! You just missed me by an inch."

Flo. (driving her car): "Be patient. I'm coming back directly."

Martha T.: "Isn't it funny they don't charge a policeman on a car?"

Kath. W.: "Well, you know you can't get a nickel out of a 'copper'."

Teacher: "The centaurs were creatures with the head and arms of a man and the body of a horse."

Billy (the Ty Cobb of his team): "Gee! What a combination for batting and base running!"

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